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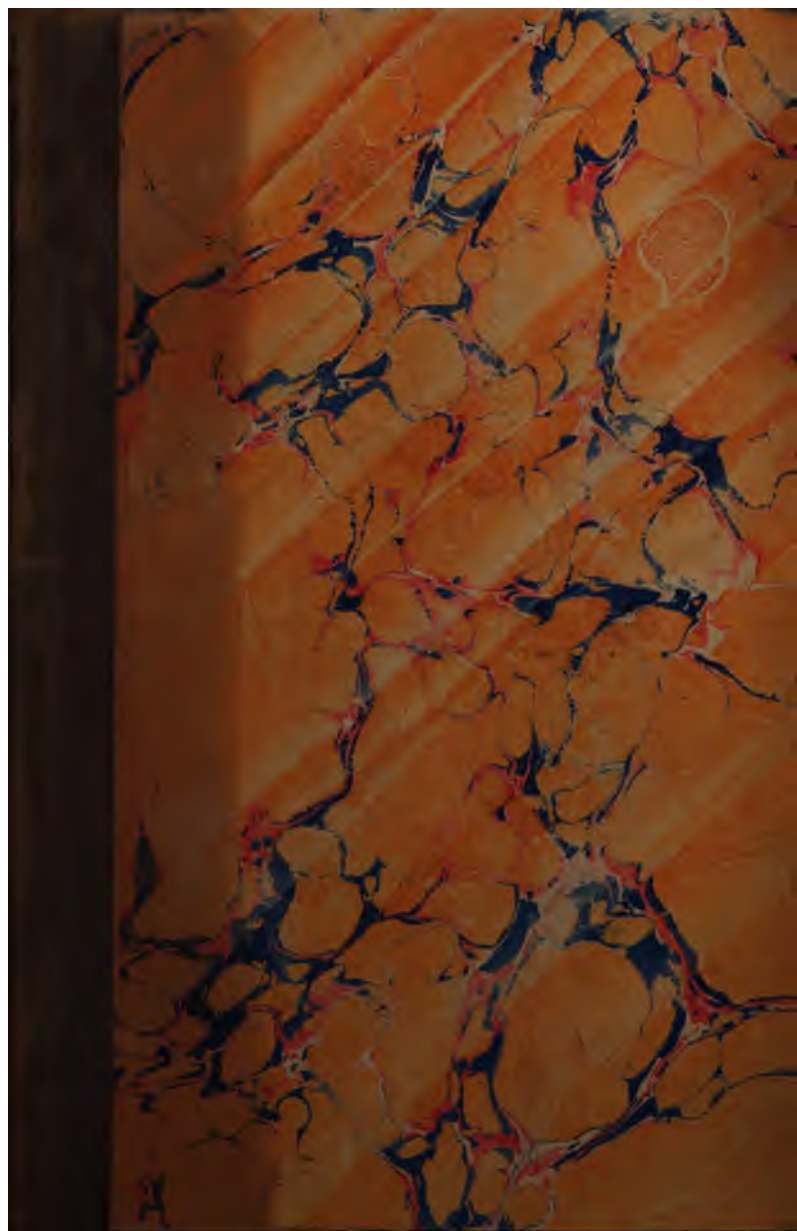
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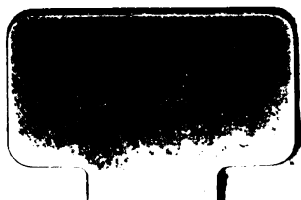
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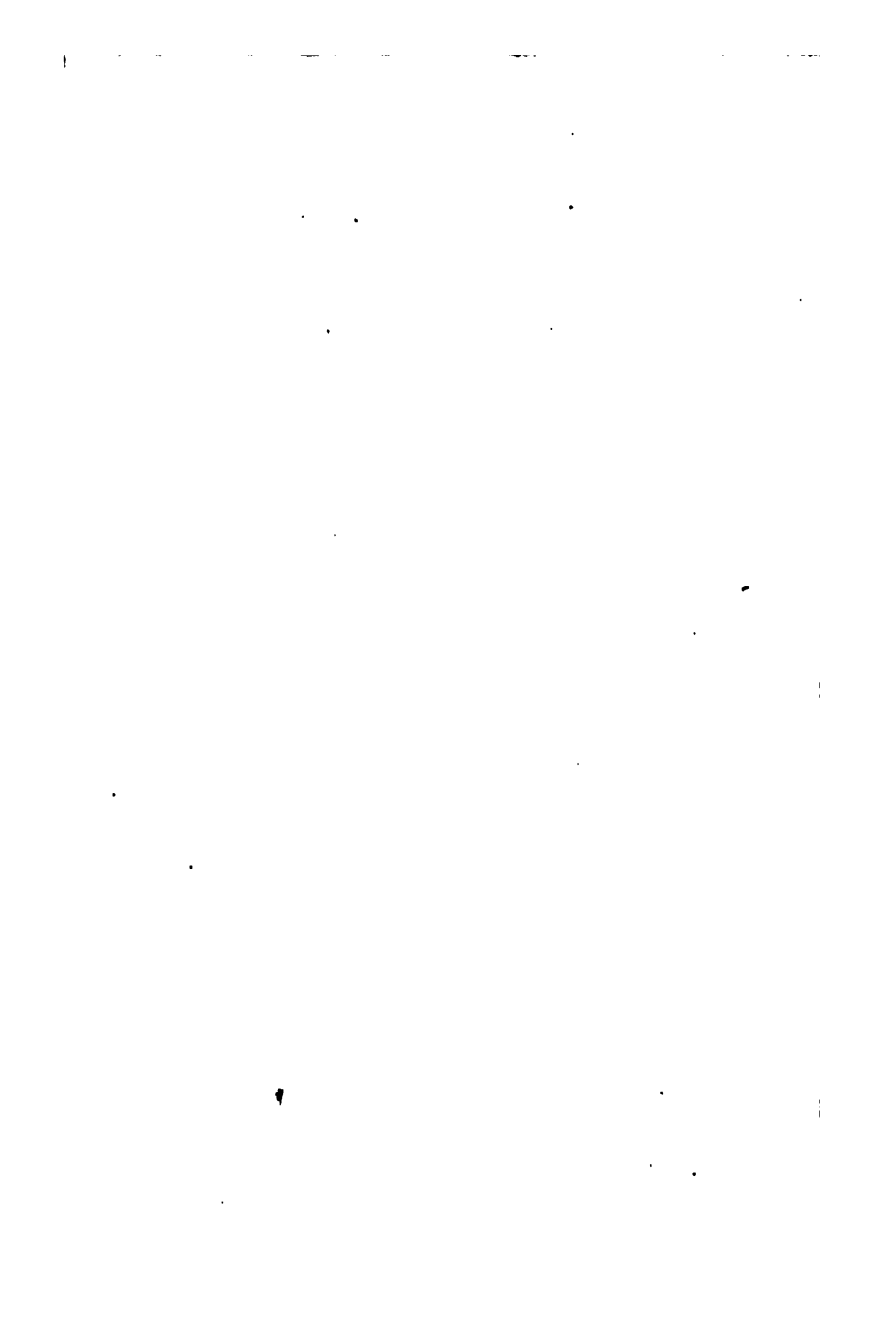
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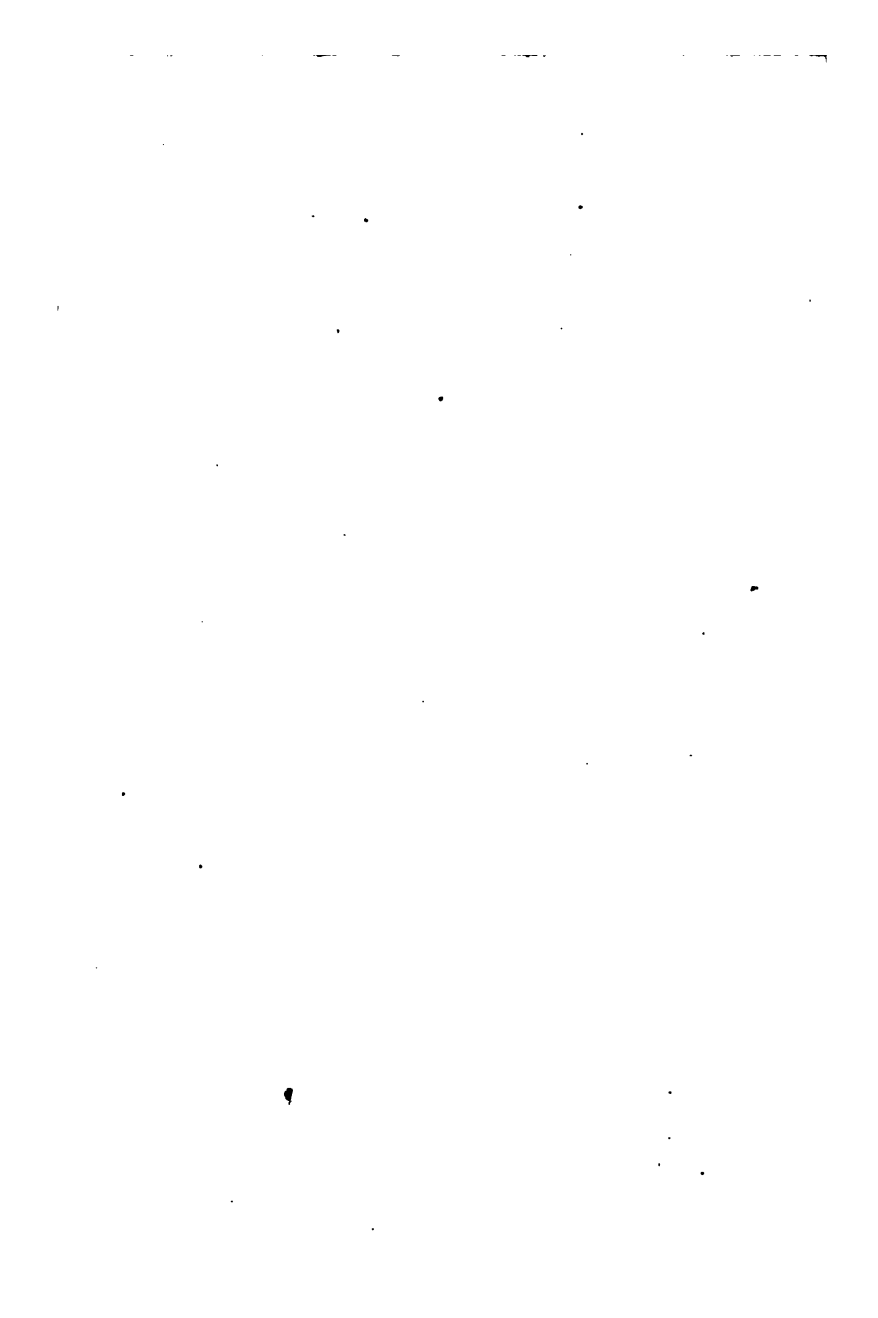


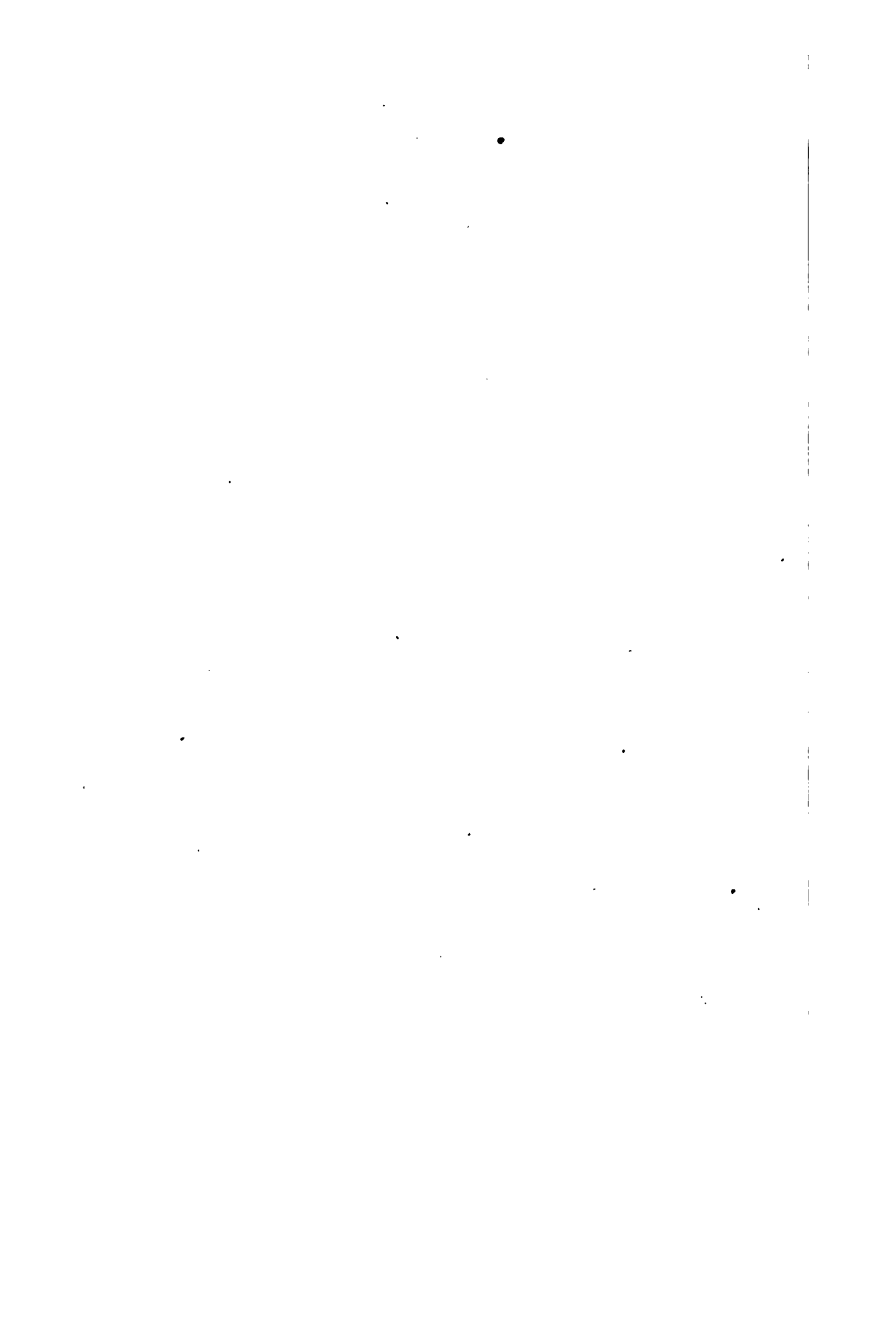


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RISE TO HER SUNDAY SCHOOL. PAGE 70.

**THE COTTAGE
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.**

**A NARRATIVE
OF PECULIARLY INTERESTING FACTS:**



**BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CONVERSATIONS ON MIND AND MATTER," &c.**

**PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE:
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**THE COTTAGE
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.**

THE COTTAGE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.”—GRAY.

WE had not even heard of U—— when we commenced our tour; nor was it until we were within a few miles of its wild and frowning mountains, that its name—though name or word it hardly seemed to us—saluted our ears. Our curiosity having been awakened, and our feelings deeply interested, by the spirited and truly graphic description given of the place, as well as of the line of road leading to it, we determined to take it in our way; and accordingly our future arrangements were made.

The day was far spent when we arrived at

W——, where our kind friend and intelligent informant resided. With him and his family that evening was passed ; and early the next morning, we took our leave, and proceeded cheerfully on our journey. Our equipage was any thing but splendid : but as it suited our plans of economy, and was exactly fitted for the road along which we had to travel, we did not complain. The neighbourhood, we were given to understand, was remarkably rich in scenery, but the haziness of the morning concealed it in a great measure from our sight. At length however, the sun broke out and shone with great beauty and power ; the vapour retired from the plain, and in collected masses rolled up the sides of the steep mountains ; and the whole landscape presented itself to our delighted view. Every place was, of course, strange to us, and had it not been for Jonathan our driver, we should have been able to obtain very little knowledge of the country. He was an amusing specimen of *his order*, and possessed a great deal of that kind of information which the traveller finds so entertaining, indeed so useful, in the absence of guides and directories. He drew his first breath among the mountains, he told us ; among them he had

spent his early days ; for several years he had been the carrier betwixt the town we left that morning, and the villages and hamlets scattered along the line of road towards U—— ; and he had more recently added to his establishment, a single-horse car, to whose *box* he had very properly elevated himself ; leaving the more vulgar work to his man and boy. He was consequently familiar with every body, and every place, and every thing ; and his readiness to communicate, was in no way inferior to the extent and variety of his knowledge. Nothing transpired of sufficient importance to note, during the first ten miles. Nature rejoiced around us, and seemed to invite us to join in her rejoicing. Winter had, late and reluctantly passed away : his ruffian blasts had ceased to howl ; and his driving storms to desolate. The shattered forest was beginning to repair the injuries it had sustained ; and the ravaged vale to put on anew its brightness and its beauty. Here the hawthorn whitened ; there the garden glowed : and yonder the young plantation put forth its buds of promise, or modestly unfolded its vernal leaf. In the meadows so lately withered and inanimate, the innocent lamb frisked and gamboled ; and concealed among the expanding foliage,

the little birds sang. All was joy : we beheld
the country

‘ Far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms.’

It is not to be wondered at, that we felt an influence, which seemed every where diffused, and which was every where felt. We responded to nature’s call, and feeling that we were laid under ten thousand times more obligation than the animal creation, said, while “ all thy works praise thee, O God, we will bless thee.” “ Bless the Lord, O our souls !” Our attention was presently demanded by our driver, who, as we approached a small country town, pointed with his huge whip, and said, ‘ That is E—t, and *I* bait there.’ Nothing could have been more agreeable to us ; for having some indistinct recollections of the history of the place, we were anxious to revive what in some measure had faded from our memory, and to receive such information as we had not possessed before. The town is beautifully situated on the side of a soft-flowing river, and consists chiefly of one long, wide, and clean street. Much of the form and hoariness of antiquity meet the eye, and affect the heart ;

but that which rendered it most interesting to us, was its ancient castle, or rather the shattered remains of that castle. These stand on an eminence to the west of the town, and bear singular marks of former strength and grandeur. Our visit to these remains of magnificence, where every object furnishes proof of former pomp and greatness, and present desolation and decay, was necessarily short. We gazed for a moment upon the dismantled tower, and the mouldering battlements. We cautiously stepped from one fragment of wall to another, until we reached the once gay and bustling, but now gloomy and silent interior. We saw, where former generations of the noble, the rich, the brave, the fair, had lived and revelled, and rejoiced; but where now the adder hisses, and the bird of darkness sings her strains of melancholy. We marked those rent and nodding walls which erst were tapestried and mirrored, but whose only ornament now, is the creeping ivy, or the stinging nettle! 'What an affecting memento,' my companion remarked, 'of the vanity of sublunary things!' and after a solemn pause, and a rapid glance of the eye from object to object, added the well known motto, 'sic transit gloria mundi.' I answered, 'But how

delightful to feel assured, that there is a glory, which passes not away; that there are mansions which are *eternal*, and in the heavens.' While indulging in these and similar remarks, which the scene and the circumstances gave rise to, we were suddenly startled by Jonathan—who had approached us unperceived—telling us not very ceremoniously, that all was ready: 'and besides'—think of our astonishment—'the tide will not allow any longer delay.' 'The tide! I exclaimed, 'what have we to do with the tide?' 'O nothing—nothing particular,' said he, 'but we have a ford to cross at A——, which can only be done at certain states of the tide, and if I am not there by four o'clock to-day, we shall be detained several hours.' The reason was certainly cogent enough; and being assured that Jonathan had the peculiar talent of steering by water as well as by land, we seated ourselves nothing dismayed. We now proceeded with renewed vigour; and although a rapid change took place in the scenery, along this stage, yet it was equally calculated to interest the curious and inquisitive traveller. He has almost constantly presented to his view fragments of things that have long ago perished, and memorials of ages that have long passed away:

antique habitations, associated with the mighty names of former generations : neighbourhoods famed for chivalrous deeds of departed heroes : wild but consecrated localities, where the absurd devotions of dark ages were presented, and the abominable rites of a cruel superstition were performed : hallowed fanes, where men of other times worshipped and were sepulchred ; and where were to be seen the faded escutcheon, the rusty helmet, and the shattered shield. It would have been strange indeed, if while surrounded with so many and such objects, we had remained careless and unimpressed. We felt as if under some potent spell. The shortness of life ; the vanity of riches ; the emptiness of titles ; the mockery of pomp and power ; in a word, the nothingness of every thing not bound up with man's immortal interests, crowded upon our thoughts ; and under an influence that subdued and softened, and solemnized our spirits, we almost involuntarily sighed after that land, where all is real as well as beautiful ; and where change shall be no more.

We at length arrived at R—. But such an entrance ! and such a vicinity ! and such a population ! Jonathan's ' car ' being the only

public conveyance that passes, generally attracts a number of loungers, young and old; and certainly there appeared no falling off, on our arrival. We stopt at the door of the principal inn, around which were as many men, and gaping children, as if there had been an arrival of foreign animals: and to render the scene perfectly unique, in almost every door-stead, stood one female or more, with bare and brawny arms folded, examining us with a stare of curiosity and inquisitiveness, the most expressive and amusing. The village which contains some neat tenements, and one good inn for travellers, stands on the very brink of the sea banks, having the advantage of a creek, but enjoys little or no trade. The owners of estates in the neighbourhood, we were told, have, with one exception, neglected the country; and from all we could see, they have hitherto made little or no attempts for its improvement, or the increase of their wealth. There are many things even here, to interest the curious stranger. He will be told of Roman inscriptions; of at least one king, who had his residence there; of the foundation of a castle—*more likely a temple*—which was some time ago discovered on the summit of one of

the highest, steepest, and most rugged of the mountains. But our observations were chiefly confined to the moral and intellectual state and character of the inhabitants. We were not favourably impressed. We seemed to be thrown back on the days of yore, when the 'squire of the village was thought the only person who ought to erect himself into a manly independence of acting; and the parson of the parish—or *at most the schoolmaster*—the sole individual who had either the right or ability to acquire knowledge, and to exercise free and daring thought.

What a cause of regret, that liberal and spirited means of education, based on revealed truth, are not more generally afforded. Without such means, it is impossible, but that the inhabitants of remote and thinly-populated districts, should contract habits, moral, intellectual, and physical, beneath the nature, relations, and destiny of man. It is not the spacious green, the neat built cottage, the tasteful garden, the blush of roses, or the sweet-scented eglantine, that constitutes the main beauty, and attractions of localities: No! but the buds, the blossoms, and the fruits of mind. Without these, the sunny plains, and spicy groves of India, are a waste and a wilderness.

After taking some slight refreshment, we proceeded—as we had a little time to spare—from the inn to the beach, and passing along the sands, watched the retiring of the tide, until we supposed the gullies formed by the influx of the sea, and one of which we had to cross, were fordable. The scene was one of that kind, that soothes the mind; that invites and indeed betrays it, into trains of tender, or solemn reflection. We took our stand where the river empties itself into the sea; and there, as if the spirit of the ocean had breathed upon us, we gazed—motionless, and speechless—on the vast deep, heaving, and swelling, and dashing and roaring before us. There we listened to its mighty minstrelsy, to that

‘ Wild, profound, eternal bass
In nature’s anthem, which made music such
As pleased the ear of God.’

After indulging awhile in the pleasing reverie, we proceeded a little way up the river, examining its shelvy banks, and making such inquiries as we were able, touching the geological appearances which the place presented: then returning over a portion of the strand, from which the water had receded, to the inn, we found our

conveyance in readiness, and our driver confident that we could 'cross with ease.' This assurance was confirmed by '*boots, ostler, landlord,*' and others, who had gathered around us, and who seemed to study the tide-table for no other purpose, than that of facilitating Jonathan in his '*crossings.*' In the course of a quarter of an hour, we found ourselves on the margin of the gully, and gradually descending into its deepest waters. 'Are you in right time as you supposed?' we asked. 'Rather soon enough,' was the reply; 'but we shall manage.' Still we were advancing, and at length the water began to enter the car. Shewing some symptoms of uneasiness, Jonathan told us, (guiding the horse wittingly, and ever and anon using his own peculiar language to it,) that we were not yet at the 'worst,' 'but,' said he, 'ye need'nt be frightened; for I've had this to do so often, and know every point so '*xactly*, that nothing '*partic'lar* can happen.' By this time we were under the necessity of raising our feet in opposite directions, in order to prevent their emersion in water. Our situation was by no means enviable at this moment, especially, as we had never before performed an aquatic excursion in such a machine, or been under the guidance of

such a steersman. With much of the danger, there was little of the sublime, attending certain perilous situations. We were scaling no uplifted wave, nor were we shooting impetuously down into the yawning deep. No angry tempest was careering through the air; no sails were rending; no masts were falling; no bulwarks yielding to the dreadful pressure of the heaving billows; and yet there seemed at one time, but a step betwixt us and death. It is true indeed there was a total absence of the signs and circumstances just described; but we were in the midst of a dark and deep rolling river; the force of the stream was augmented by the rapid ebbing of the tide, the horse more than once hesitated, either from fear or exhaustion; and to add to all, the channel of the river was exposed to perpetual changes, arising from the shifting of the sand. We were however mercifully preserved in the danger, and soon delivered out of it. On reaching the opposite shore, we halted a few minutes, and discharged the water from the car. Then we proceeded, first over a dreary and troublesome plain of sand, and then over an extensive rabbit warren. The scene here was a mixture of wildness and grandeur. We had the vast ocean on our right,

the scattered fragments of a very ancient castle on our left, and at a still greater distance, the eastern mountains, rising in all their blackness and barrenness. The evening was now fast advancing, the weary labourer was here and there seen wending his homeward way; the impatient or expectant cattle were lowing—but we heard no ‘*drowsy tinklings*;

and distant objects were fast fading from our sight. Here the road took a sudden turn, and opened another and a less pleasant view. On both hands were nothing but miserable fences, apologizing for still more miserable lands, which they were intended to inclose. The scene here was peculiarly cheerless. Few human habitations were to be seen: and these exhibiting none of the beauties in which poetry has so often dressed the cottage. After half an hour’s further endurance of horrible roads, a dreary prospect, and a jolting conveyance, we arrived at the small and retired town of B——, not a little fatigued in body, and partly from sympathy with the body, and partly owing to other circumstances, somewhat depressed in mind. It was Saturday night, and we now anticipated the “*Sabbath of the Lord*.”

CHAPTER II.

To a well regulated, and virtuous mind, there is something peculiarly solemn and impressive in the dawn of the Sabbath. With this season are associated the most touching scenes, the most interesting facts, and the most stupendous and glorious events, belonging to the history of the world or of man. On the sabbath God rested from all the works which he had created and made; and the morning stars beholding the fair fabric, in its earliest glory, "shouted for joy." On the sabbath, and "early in the morning," the great Redeemer finished the work of salvation, by becoming the "first fruits of them that sleep." And we have reason to believe, that on the sabbath the most affecting visitations of Christ to his disciples after his resurrection, took place. On the sabbath morning, after our arrival at the above place, I awoke, "early when it was yet dark," and welcomed in that

day, which "was made for man," and which is to thousands a day of rest, and joy, and peace. I thought, how many may we not believe, will be converted to God this day! How many will have their burdens removed, their cares lightened, their sorrows assuaged, and their souls established; and how many will pass away from time to eternity! Some entering into REST, and mingling in the services of heaven; others lifting up their eyes in "the place of torment." Soon as the morning was sufficiently advanced, I arose, and from my window saw for the first time, the general outline and peculiar features of the town and neighbourhood. Never before had I seen such varied wildness, relieved, however, by occasional plots of fertility and verdure. The town, the smallest in England, hangs on the easy declivity of a hill towards the south, and is distant from the sea about a mile and a half. The cultivated lands lie chiefly in that direction, and bear a very small proportion to the almost unproductive tracts that are found on its other sides. Eastward the country is shut in by impending mountains, whose gloomy aspect and barrenness are scarcely to be equalled; covered in patches with a starved growth of hether, and the sides sliding down with black

shrivel and gravel. The houses seemed to be entirely built of hard grey flints or cobbles; and are as irregularly constructed and located, as if *some Robin Hood* had capriciously pitched them from one of the adjacent mountains. But it was not the time for dwelling on these things. I had engaged, if sufficiently renewed in strength and spirits, to perform the morning service, and the hour was approaching when we should "go up to the house of God." To one accustomed to the bustle and parade of the metropolis on a Sabbath morning, the stillness of a country village has a peculiar effect. It was the case with myself. With the exception of two or three groups of idle loungers, who alike regardless of the decencies of the sabbath and the proprieties of social life, had sauntered forth to talk and laugh, and stare at modest passers-by, there was little to be seen or heard. The absence of one sight I exceedingly regretted, I mean that of clean, orderly children going to the Sunday School. There was no such institution in the place. The inhabitants generally seemed to care little about such things; and the few who felt at all on the subject, had not energy enough for the accomplishment of their wishes. When 'the sound of the church-going bell' was heard,

the scene somewhat changed ; but yet it was not such as to warm the heart, or to give buoyancy to the spirits. There was a general movement to be sure : but it was not the animated movement of longing worshippers, "crying out for the living God." No, it was the dilatory obedience of formality, to rites and ceremonies little understood, and less relished—the transfer of holiday clad bodies from the fireside to the place where their fathers worshipped, and chiefly *because* their fathers had worshipped there. Nevertheless, there were exceptions—there were a few who "worshipped God in spirit and in truth ;" and it was refreshing for the eye to rest upon such, and for the depressed and panting spirit to hold communion with them.

As I passed to the sanctuary, I was struck with the general appearance and habits of the people. No way anxious to occupy their seats previously to the appearance of the minister in the desk, and not very scrupulous about their treatment of the dead, I found a considerable number of them loitering in all attitudes in the burying-ground ; trampling on the graves of former friends and acquaintance, without a sigh, or indeed a thought, and evidently engaged in the most trifling and every-day conversation.

Such a practice I have ever regarded with decided aversion and disgust. The grave should never be exposed to desecration by man or beast. The body of the great Redeemer lay there : and having ascended from its gloomy mansions to his glorious throne, he looks down upon it with unceasing interest, as the repository of the bodies of his saints. Angels pay their visits to its precincts : and departed spirits bend with fond affection over its precious deposits, waiting the glorious hour, when it must deliver up its charge. Carelessness in reference to the manner and place of sepulture is a remnant of barbarism ; and the intrusion that stalks over graves, or listlessly lounges upon the monumental stones, a species of brutality.

On entering the place, I was somewhat chilled. A small number had taken their seats ; and were waiting for God in his Holy Temple ; but the far greater portion had yet to enter. On hearing the service commence, they began slowly, and at distant intervals, to ‘ drop in ;’ each as he entered, adjusting the hair which possibly his hat might have disordered ; looking most earnestly and inquisitively at the stranger in the desk ; and after a short prayer, a very short one, uttered in the very style and attitude in which

I remember old men to have done when I was a little boy; taking their plain, and generally speaking, uninclosed seats, where little more of *their* devotion was seen, until the blessing was pronounced. The congregation was, with a few pleasing and marked exceptions, such as I have described. One of these exceptions attracted my notice, and on returning from the sanctuary, I made such inquiries as my awakened curiosity prompted, and as led to a knowledge of the name, character, and residence of the individual.

‘Your congregation,’ I said to a lady seated near me at dinner, ‘is not remarkable for attention; there are however exceptions, one of which, I wish to know more about.’ ‘I shall be glad,’ she replied, ‘to give you any information in my power; and if you will describe the person, I will endeavour to gratify you.’ ‘The person,’ I observed, ‘sat near the desk; was dressed in plain, and what you would call good clothes: with a grave, but benevolent countenance; and *listened* to the discourse, with seemingly fixed and unremitting attention.’

As I uttered the word *listened*, the lady smiled, but immediately apologized by saying, ‘He certainly could not *listen*, sir, having been

deaf and dumb from his birth.' I was of course surprised, and said, 'What can induce him to attend the house of God?' 'He loves it, Sir,' was the answer. 'What is his name?' 'His name is W——, Sir.' 'Where does he reside?' 'In a very romantic spot among the mountains, a few miles distance.' 'I should like to know something more about him,' I said. 'I dare say you will have the opportunity,' she answered: 'for if you remain a few days in the neighbourhood, you will probably be introduced to the family.' 'They are,' she added emphatically, '*a remarkable family*, and their residence, is a remarkable place.' As may be supposed, our wish to prosecute the journey, became more ardent and decided. It is not however in man that walketh to direct his steps: circumstances occurred which demanded my friend's return, but which did not apply to me; consequently we were separated, and I left to ramble and make observations alone.

There was, at the time I speak of, no regular mode of conveyance in those parts, except on that line of road which I have described; I was therefore left to adopt such expedients as the neighbourhood afforded, and as were best suited to the barbarous roads, and the moun-

tainous character of the country. Generally speaking, my only choice was, betwixt riding on horse-back, and walking. The latter I almost always preferred, as I was thus at liberty to visit a greater number of places, and also places otherwise inaccessible. It was in this way, that I visited the "*Cottage among the Mountains*," and became acquainted with persons, places, and facts, of a highly interesting and instructive nature. The particulars of this visit, will form the subject of subsequent sections.

On Monday morning, I set out, for the purpose of examining more minutely the general features of the country—of learning as much as possible of the history, manners, and customs as of the inhabitants; and of visiting whatever might be worth visiting, in the shape, or of the name of giants' caves, druidical temples, haunted ruins, and every thing else famed in story and in song. In my progress and wanderings, I met with several men of the place, whose manner of salutation was, to take off their hats—if hats they might be called—and tell me it was a 'varra faine moarning.' Some of them were looking after 'stray sheep,' accompanied by their faithful dog: others were

driving their cattle to pasture; and here and there one, repairing broken down fences, or half demolished gates. I paused occasionally, asking questions, and otherwise trying to draw them into conversation, but with little success: not that they were either stubborn or uncivil *in their way*, but that the presence of a stranger, and one too, whose language they did not readily understand,—for I knew but little of their conventional terms—made them feel somewhat awkward. I tried to make them feel easy and at home, by speaking of the soil and produce of the country; I supposed the land to be cold and heavy, and the crops to be meagre: I inquired respecting their sheep and cattle, observing that they were small, but supposed they were a sort peculiar to the country, and that just suited the pasturage; I ventured to suggest, that the appearance and comfort of the country would be improved and promoted by cultivating the growth of trees, and hawthorn fences. This remark, produced a significant shake of the head, together with a ‘*demurrer*’ on the ground, that, they were too near the mountains on the one hand, and too near the sea on the other. I spoke of former generations, and found, that the state of society

as well as that of their fields and cottages, had been well nigh stationary ; indeed, I question whether a more unadulterated specimen of antiquated persons, domiciles, manners, style of living, and modes of social intercourse, can be any where found than in this locality.

I had often thought upon the indirect influence of religion ; here I had opportunity and means of judging, from striking and opposite facts, how far I had been correct. I have stated, that even here there were some spiritually-minded persons : now these, though enjoying no higher advantages than the population generally, presented in many respects a real contrast to them. They exhibited something of elasticity of mind. Accustomed to hold communion with heaven, they more easily and intelligently conversed with men. Subdued and softened by the sublime influence of the cross, they had, imperceptibly to themselves perhaps, exchanged much of their native rudeness, for kindness, gentleness, and love. The reading of the scriptures had led them to peruse some other books ; and as a consequence their minds were exercised, and their ideas enlarged : in a word, they verified in a degree, the prophetic descriptions of the power of the Gospel :

and shewed, that its benefits are not only spiritual, but intellectual, and even physical. "The wilderness, and the solitary place, are made glad; and the desert blossoms as the rose. Instead of the thorn comes up the fig-tree: and instead of the briar, comes up the myrtle tree."

It was while indulging in these reflections, and after making many unsuccessful attempts to engage any one in free conversation, that I was addressed by a person, who, perceiving my loneliness, and knowing himself the heart of a stranger, kindly proposed, if I would not think it an intrusion, to join me in the ramble of the morning. His name was Capt. ——. He had visited many parts of Europe and America, and had but recently fixed his abode in that vicinity. I found in him a *walking encyclopædiæ*; yet he had not read many books, nor did he pretend to have done so. He had been, and was at that time a shrewd observer: a close and consecutive thinker; a keen discriminator: was possessed of a memory remarkable for treasuring up facts; had a peculiar faculty for arranging and classifying them; and consequently could at any time and with the greatest readiness amuse and instruct, upon almost every subject. 'Have you any thing

remarkable in your neighbourhood,' I said to him, 'that is likely to interest the traveller?' 'Why,' answered he, 'that very much depends upon the taste, habits, and object of the traveller. If an antiquarian, he will not be greatly entertained; although I believe he would find a few monuments of the past. Our mountains,' said he drily, 'are I believe as ancient as most mountains are, and our *manners*, are by no means so modern as in many places. We want the schoolmaster, Sir; I know he is abroad, and may reach us bye and bye, but as you perceive we live 'o'er the hills and far away.' If the traveller be a collector of coins, he would feel an interest in that part of the common to which we are approaching; where are still to be seen the remains of a Roman encampment, and where coins, and fragments of broken altars, with imperfect inscriptions, are frequently found. If fond of maratime affairs, and interested in the early history of our island, he would be entertained by examining, on some fine day, and when the sea is smooth, the remains of several vessels or gallies, which tradition says, and not improbably, were sunk and left there on some great invasion, on the northern parts of our land: and if a geologist, I suppose he

would find enough in the number of strata, their arrangements, rising and dipping, occasional peculiarities, and their imbedded remains, to engage his attention, and perhaps afford him instruction. Whether he would find out that we have all been in the dark respecting the time of the world's creation, although we thought we understood Moses, I will not venture to say. It is however a serious question. If geology has really upset all the notions, which we had derived from the first portion of revelation, and that too, written in the plainest style, some other *ology* may e'er long start up, and upset the whole. I know not,' said he, 'what may be your views on this fashionable question: perhaps Sir, you are one of the illuminated; but as for myself, I am neither learned enough, nor bold enough, to go farther than the Bible admits. If there are depths which its pure rays do not penetrate on this or any other subject, I would rather for the present leave them unexplored, than venture to explore them by the assistance of any other light.' There was something so striking in the last sentence, such a mixture of satire with veneration for the Scriptures, that I scarcely knew at first what to answer. After a moment's

pause, I determined to test him a little further before I satisfied him respecting my own views. 'But should we not,' enquired I, 'avail ourselves of all the light which science and learning furnish? The Scriptures do not *profess* to give information on such subjects, for obvious reasons: first, they lie within the province of human reason; and secondly, they are in no way connected with the scheme of mercy and grace, which it is the sole object of the Bible to make known. Moses wrote, not so much to tell us either *how*, or *when* the world was created, as to furnish a strictly correct, and divinely authorized account of the introduction of sin, the method of its expiation through a future deliverer, and of the origin, separation, and character of the nation, whence that Deliverer should come. Every thing contained, in what is called the Mosaic account, is made rigidly subservient to theology, and consequently we cannot expect in it, a discourse or dissertation on each subject to which in the prosecution of his design, Moses was obliged to refer.'

During my observations, the Captain manifested signs of impatience; and when I had finished, said: 'Very true, Sir, the scriptures

do not *profess* to give information on scientific subjects, nor do they profess to *mislead* on them. All that I maintain is this, *Whatever they say is to be depended upon*. A single philosophical principle recognized, or a single geological fact stated in the Bible, should be received with unhesitating confidence and satisfaction; and be ever regarded as a starting point, in all our reasonings, and as a final appeal in all cases where there is doubt. An incidental allusion in the word of God is of more value and importance, than all the laboured deductions of human reason. I pretend not to learning, as I told you before: but I do think, that to plain common sense, and sincerity, the first chapter in Genesis appears to be a continuous account of an unbroken series of acts in creation; and also that those who make our world but an anterior worn-out world, repaired and adapted to the human species, do not improve much upon Moses.'

There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the Captain's closing remark. I asked him to whom he alluded, when he spoke of those, who made ours, little better than a worn-out world repaired. He answered, 'Why, Sir, to those who because they have discovered or heard of fossile remains,

to which nothing resembling can now be found in existence, conclude that anterior to the Mosaic account, there must have been an earth in a less finished state, and inhabited, of course by a less finished, and more monstrous species of animals: that ultimately those were destroyed, and that upon their ruins, and those of their less beautiful mundane system, was erected the present earth. We hear of an inductive philosophy, Sir, whose first object and tendency are, to laugh baseless theories to scorn, and advance to conclusions, by the more certain way of facts. Why, Sir, is *this* inductive philosophy? I say it is not; because as yet we have so few facts before us, that we are not in a situation to warrant any general conclusion.' Such was my own opinion; but wishing to elicit something more from my new, but interesting friend, I said: 'It is a fact, however, that fossil remains have been discovered, which after the most critical, and scientific examination, have been declared to belong to no sort or species of animals now existing; and further, it is asserted that you never meet with the same specimens in different strata, but uniformly in one and the same stratum: hence it is inferred, and certainly with the appearance of reason,

that the terraqueous globe, arrived at its present physical state by progressive stages; that at each stage it was the residence of a certain class, or classes of animated beings; that these being destroyed by some means or other, formed a portion of the new layer, or became imbedded in it; and that in the process of time, the last, most beautiful, and best stratum was formed, and man became the lord of its soil.'

'Facts are stubborn things,' replied he rather bluntly, 'and all inferences legitimately drawn from facts, are to be regarded. So far there can be no dispute. But admitting that such remains as you describe *have* been found, and that the species to which they are supposed to have belonged have *not* been found, does that prove your doctrine, or justify your conclusions? Has there not been time enough, even according to Moses, for any such species to have lived, and died, and to have become extinct? Are our geologists quite certain that in no part of the world—in none of its vast deserts; among none of its huge uplifted mountains; throughout none of its waiving and unexplored forests; along none of its burning plains; across none of its polar ices, individuals of their unknown species may not be found? What would geo-

logists say, if any one were to submit, whether there ever were such *species* of animals? Whether the extraordinary and puzzling remains, may not be the remains of monstrous *individuals* only; the productions of monstrous, and unnatural intercourse, during the reign of unparalleled abominations before the flood? Whether that sweeping catastrophe is not sufficient to account for very many of the geological phenomena, which in many places are presented? And lastly, whether after having examined a few feet of a globe whose diameter is 8,000 miles, and whose circumference is at least 25,000 miles, and a globe continually undergoing internal, and external changes, they should arrive at conclusions affecting the vast whole, and threatening to shake our confidence in the only record ever furnished on the subject? I distinctly state that I am a friend to scientific inquiry, and to the progress of learning; but let not either usurp the 'seat of Moses.' Through *faith* we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God—'not through geology.'

I was about to reply, that I certainly concurred in many of his observations, and thought his objections to the hasty and premature con-

clusions of some geologists were just ; but at the same time while *they* erred on the one hand, *he* was in danger of erring on the other : when, coming to a dead stand, and laying his hand on my shoulder he exclaimed, ‘ You talked of the extinction of the pre-adamic races of animals ! do you mean to say, that death reigned then, and among them held his terrible carnival ? ’

I in ‘ a moment discovered his object ; but there was no alternative. I answered, ‘ Of course I do—or rather those do whose views I am representing.’ ‘ Then, Sir, Milton is in error : it was not the ‘ fruit of that forbidden tree,’ which ‘ brought death into the world and all its woe ; ’ —and, what I conceive to be far more serious, Paul is in error : for death according to your shewing, did not “ enter by sin ; ” nor does the “ whole creation groan, and travail together in pain,” in consequence thereof. I have always attributed, the sufferings and death, even of animals, to sin—not their own, for they are irresponsible ; but to that of man. I am however old fashioned in my opinions, and quite in the rear of this advancing generation.’

By this time we had reached a projecting point, which commanded an extensive view both of the sea and land. The scene was to

me peculiarly exciting, and losing sight alike of geology and geologists, exclaimed with uplifted hands, 'These are thy glorious works, parent of good!' and turning to my companion repeated the words of the devout Psalmist, "For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all Gods. The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land." Nothing could have been more appropriate. Every object seemed to utter a deep and harmonious response, while the captain, evidently affected, continued the inspired language, "O come let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

We were now within a little distance of the place where are to be seen the remains of the ancient fleet, but had not an opportunity of inspecting them. The circumstance, however, of being so near those relics of former greatness and ambition, and even of treading the very spot where once trod the fierce and furious legions, was sufficient to awaken trains of solemn thought. It was less with the present than with the past, that we seemed to be conversing. In that bay, *then* so calm and sunny, the hostile gallies had actually been moored: on that beach, *then* so lone and peaceful, the

tyrant foe-man had proudly trod : in those fields, the fury of warfare had raged : on that coast the brandished weapon had gleamed, and along yonder range of dark and desolate hills, had rolled the deepening reverberations of savage exultation, or expiring groans. While we thought, and spoke of those things, the contrast of the scene *then* presented, reminded us of the prediction, " They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." It was indeed a scene of peace and industry. Cattle were securely grazing in an adjoining field : at a little distance the husbandman was guiding " the sacred plough," and enlivening the labour with rural song ; and here and there a youthful and noisy group were innocently plucking the half-unfolded buttercup, and the modest daisy, which spring had so plentifully scattered from her bosom. In every object we saw the wisdom and goodness of God. The whole landscape, rough though many of its features were, seemed to smile, and to invite man, as nature's high priest, to present praises to Him who sitteth king above the floods, and who continues seed-time, and harvest, and

summer, and winter. We now returned by another way, but owing to interruptions,—perhaps I may say intrusions,—nothing occurred, or was said, but what occurs a thousand times every day, and what you might hear from the lips of any one, whose stock of ideas just comprehends the state of the weather, the state of the markets, or the probable produce of the summer and autumn.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG the many plans which I had thought of, by which to regulate my movements, that which finally recommended itself to my mind for adoption was, to fix my head quarters in the place where I had spent the preceding sabbath, and thence to explore the different districts of country that lay around. My reasons were these. First, I had been requested, either to lengthen, or to repeat my visit, with the view of proposing, and establishing some system of general education, of which the neighbourhood was lamentably destitute. Secondly, the town was at a moderate distance from the localities which I intended to visit, and I could without much inconvenience return to it, at certain intervals of time. And thirdly, there was a respectable inn, where I could enjoy all the comforts of a private family, without any of its restraints, I mean those restraints which a tourist finds incompatible with his object.

There I took up my abode, and while in the act of determining the time and manner of my visit to '*The Cottage among the Mountains*,' the waiter entered, and informed me that a lady wished to speak with me. I went to the door, and found a neatly-dressed female on horseback, who, to my great gratification, gave her name as Miss W—, from U—. 'As I am given to understand,' she said, 'that you intend visiting our retired valley, before your final departure from this place, I have taken the liberty of calling to invite you to our humble cottage.' I scarcely knew whether to admire the beautiful simplicity of the manner, or the frank and Christian kindness of the spirit of this invitation the most. It was uttered with perfect ease, and in the total absence of that embarrassment, which so many feel in the presence of strangers. I immediately acknowledged my obligation for the invitation, and assured her that I would avail myself of the earliest opportunity of proving what pleasure I felt in accepting it. 'If you will fix a day Sir,' she added, 'my brother shall meet you with a horse; it's too far for you to walk, and we have no other conveyance to offer, even if the roads admitted it, which they do not.'

‘To-morrow then,’ said I, ‘by the will of God.’

I accordingly made arrangements for my visit, and on the morrow proceeded leisurely to the place of meeting. Curiosity led me to prefer a circuitous rather than a direct line, by which I had the opportunity of visiting two or three places of note in the vicinity. Part of the turnpike along which I travelled lies on an old Roman road, and leads on the one hand to a medical spring, which was at one time considered a sovereign remedy for divers painful diseases, and on the other hand to a fine cascade, whose bright and fleecy waters roll tumultuously down the steep and rugged side of a lofty mountain. There I met with many things well worthy of attention, and as the inhabitants were very communicative, I became acquainted with several amusing and interesting facts. As there was no inn, nor so far as I could see, any shop in the township, where I could call under the pretence of making a purchase, I went into one or two of their cottages, where if I was not received with the punctilios of fashionable life, neither was I with rudeness. I found that the inhabitants seldom travel beyond the bounds of their parish, except when they go to make pur-

chases, or to dispose of the productions of their lands. I observed that their language consists very much of antiquated words and expressions, and that they are to a great extent governed by superstition. The following account of a most singular character, an inhabitant of the place, may be relied upon.

His name was R. N. At a very early age he was left destitute of friends, and consequently had nothing to depend upon but his own exertions, and the care of an ever kind providence. As he grew up he became famous in all rural sports and exercises, insomuch that few ventured to enter the lists with him, and these few were generally defeated. At the age of twenty five he proposed to enter into the marriage state with a young woman who proved unfaithful. Such was the strength of his attachment to her, that he could never afterwards be induced to think of matrimony, nor to enter any church where I suppose he had sometimes gone with his lover, nor to frequent any market. Indeed he made a vow that he would never again go to the one place or the other, which vow he faithfully kept until the day of his death. A pair of shoes having been prepared for his intended marriage, he thenceforth denied

himself the use of such auxiliaries to his comfort, and ever afterwards dragged about a pair of huge wooden shoes or clogs, nearly four pounds weight. His hat was always tied close over his ears, and was seldom ever taken off. His beard was never shaven after his twenty-sixth year, but when of an inconvenient length, he would shorten it with his sheep shears. He was constantly possessed of a cow, a few sheep, a dog, a cat, and a parcel of hens; the maintenance of which by the person he served, being considered an equivalent for wages. After his disappointment he never used a bed, but substituted for it a bundle of straw. His superstition was extreme; his attachments were strong; and his resentments warm. I could not learn what his end was, although he had not been long dead, but it is to be feared, it corresponded with his life of ignorance, and neglect of the things of God.

Here geologists might speculate; for I was shewn a morass in which are frequently found trunks of trees, both oak and fir, and of great size. A few years ago, one was digged out of the earth, with its roots and many of its branches entire, measuring more than seven yards in length, and two feet in diameter: it

was sawn up into planks for private use. Nuts and acorns are frequently found at a very great depth.

Leaving this place I ascended with great labour and difficulty the lofty B. C. Near the centre of this mountain is a vast cavity, which has evidently been produced at some remote period, by volcanic eruptions. The depth and diameter of the cavity are several hundred yards, and out of the lower corner of it flows a plentiful stream of clear water. Thence I proceeded to the place appointed for meeting. Here the distant prospect was grand and varied in the extreme, while immediately around me was nothing but heath of stunted growth with occasional plots of such grasses and wild flowers as are indigenous to elevated and barren places. I never remember to have felt so much alone as at this moment, or to have experienced emotions so sublime, and yet so subduing. The eminence and wildness of the situation I occupied; the vastness and magnificence of the surrounding scene, together with the undisturbed and all-pervading stillness, contributed to this effect. After gazing for a while on this panorama of nature in wonder and adoration, I pursued my solitary way until I reached the point,

near which I expected to be met. My friend had not arrived, and as the branching out of the road in different directions, not explained by any guide post, rendered my proceeding somewhat dangerous, I took my seat on a large grey stone, partly covered with moss, and yielded myself to the exciting influence of the scene, and the circumstances. In a short time I perceived a horseman approaching, in whom as soon as he came up to me, I recognized the deaf and dumb person that I had mistaken for an attentive hearer on the previous Sabbath. He gave me a hearty welcome which was expressed by an almost unmerciful pinch of the hand, a speaking smile, and an obvious anxiety to get me comfortably equipped for riding. He now took the lead, intimating by signs, that I had nothing to do but keep myself in the saddle, and let the horse follow him.

Little caring for the main road, he pursued a perfectly erratic course, generally taking some sheep-track, until he came to the inclosed lands of his own native and almost unknown valley.

The valley itself is limited but fertile; containing some beautiful meadow lands, and watered by a clear and plentiful stream that

flows musically down its middle. It lies embosomed among mountains of great height some of which are on the one side almost perpendicular ; their base generally covered with brush wood, and their uplifted sides broken by huge protruding masses of rock. Immediately under one of these mountains stood the cottage of my friends.

As I approached, I was met and welcomed by Miss W——, who introduced me to her aged and venerable mother, and afterwards to other members of the family, all deaf and dumb. I was impressed in no ordinary degree by the whole scene, and felt the justness of the lady's observation who first described it to me—' It is a remarkable place, and they are a remarkable family.' The construction of the house was as far removed from every thing modern, as can be well imagined. I was introduced into a large, a very large kitchen ; having no grate or stove, nor any inclosed chimney, except where the smoke was conducted through the roof. The fire, which was made of *peat*, was on the hearth stone ; an elephant-limbed arm-chair was fixed on one side of the fire, and was generally occupied by the enfeebled mother, and a *long-settle*, the rude model of our sofas, against the wall on

the other side. In a line with it, and passing a seated window, which looked out into a fruit garden, or orchard, stood a sturdy black-oaken table, on the remote end of which were divers dairy utensils; the other extremity, and that next the fire, being reserved for meals. Several hams were suspended in the open chimney, undergoing the process of 'smoking and drying,' and here and there were suspended from the joists, bunches of such herbs as experience or tradition had pronounced to be valuable. Cleanliness and order pervaded the whole. I never saw more *real* comfort; nor did I ever witness more contentment and peace.

The usual modes of hospitality were immediately resorted unto. Plenty of the most substantial food was served up, accompanied by such expressions of anxiety, lest I did not 'like it,' or lest I could not do with their 'rough way of living,' as nothing but sincere benevolence would dictate. The whole family sat down with me: the long widowed and greatly tried mother of four score; the deaf and dumb children she had borne, and over whom, she told me, she had often wept, as they lay unconscious on her knee; and the active and admirable Martha, who, like her whom Jesus

loved, added to fervent piety, the most enviable degree of energy and decision of character.

‘ You seem to have well nigh finished the tiresome pilgrimage of life,’ said I to the mother: ‘ May I ask, as Pharaoh did, “ How old art thou?” ’ ‘ Mine’s a *long* age,’ was her reply: ‘ If I live till my next birth-day I shall be *eighty*. Ah! what I’ve seen, and gone through in that time.’ ‘ I suppose,’ I said again, ‘ Your *present* views of *this* life, and *this* world, are *very* different from those which you entertained in your youthful days.’ ‘ They are indeed, Sir,’ she answered, ‘ its only such as I, that can properly understand what Jacob meant, when he said, “ *Few* and *evil*, have the days of the years of my life been.” I remember very well,’ she continued, ‘ feeling as if the time would never come, when I should begin the world for myself, so inviting did it seem; but now I would’nt for any thing tread the same road over again.’ ‘ But God has been good to you in ten thousand instances,’ I observed, ‘ You must sing of *MERCY*, as well as of judgment.’ ‘ If he had’nt,’ was her reply, ‘ what should I have done? But I am too apt to dwell on what I have endured, and to forget what I have so mercifully received. God

has been kind in giving me in such a daughter, as Martha, there, and in sending her home, to be a comfort and a stay, when I most needed her, I mean when deprived of my dear husband.'

As she uttered these last words, her head shook violently, her voice became more feeble and faltering ; and what rendered the scene still more touching, she directed a look of tenderness and gratitude towards Martha, which no artist could have conveyed to canvas, nor any statuary perpetuated on the finest marble.

Martha was evidently affected, and in order to conceal her emotions, rose from the table, and attended to some trifling domestic affairs in an adjoining room. ' And these three poor things,' continued the mother, as she looked upon her deaf and dumb offspring, the youngest of which might be twenty-five, ' what would have become of them without her,' still referring to Martha, ' she has been a blessing to them.' It was impossible to resist the effect of such simple, but touching allusions, more especially as the subjects of them were around me. I could not answer much ; but perceiving that her thoughts were engaged on the state and situation of her hapless children, said, somewhat unconnectedly, " He hath done all things well ;"

adding, ' you wonder, no doubt, why so many of your children, so dear to you, and the dearer because afflicted, should have been born deaf and dumb, and why yourself should have been called to endure trials, which so few are called to endure ; but God hath a *reason*, and God hath an *end* ; and as he can no more commit an error, than he can be unkind, it is our duty to say : " He *hath* done all things well."

' I know,' she replied, ' that it is our duty, and also that it would very much contribute to our comfort ; but it is sometimes very difficult to say, at least to feel it.' I answered by saying, that no one, however limited his experience, could question the difficulty of saying, in all circumstances, " Thy will be done ;" but she need not to be reminded who had said, " My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength is made perfect in thy weakness."

Martha here returned, and informed me that on that evening two or three ' were expected to meet for social prayer, and asked if I would lead the devotions of the meeting, and favour them with an address. I immediately consented, on which the active Martha put in requisition, all the messengers she could com-

mand, and spread the intelligence through the neighbourhood.

When the hour arrived, instead of "two or three," the large kitchen was literally filled, and never do I remember to have addressed a more interesting and attentive audience. Most of them had just left their daily labour, and consequently appeared in their most homely garbs. This, however, was soon lost sight of. In singing they were exceedingly lively, although perhaps not very scientific: during prayer, they were solemn and seemingly devotional; and whilst I spoke unto them the words of life, they listened like men who felt and understood its importance. After I had finished the address, which was from Deut. vii. 7, 8, many came and shook me warmly by the hand, and one of them said, 'Ah, Sir, this is the doctrine for poor sinners, but proud human nature don't like it.' I said, "the carnal mind is enmity against God." I have been dealing in spiritual, and high things, and none can either relish, or receive them until the blessed Spirit take away the veil from the heart.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'and let a man be once awakened, and feel his lost and wretched condition, and then God's way of salvation will be not only welcome, but

glorious. I am sure,' continued he, 'if we are not saved by grace, we shall not be saved at all. It is God that in mercy seeks us, and not we that seek God.' Seeing two or three linger after the congregation had generally dispersed, Martha said with true simplicity, 'Friends, ye need'nt hurry, its not so late; draw your chairs in.' They did so, and I was furnished with a further opportunity of observing the happy and extensive influence of the truth; in that excluded spot, and among that unpolished and unsophisticated people: and also of remarking, how much one devoted person may accomplish for the welfare of man, and the glory of God. This will appear in the sequel.

When about to retire to rest, I was informed that an invitation had been left, wishing me to go out to breakfast the next morning: 'and you really must go,' said Martha, 'or you will quite offend our old friend; its only in the next cottage.' 'I shall be most happy,' I answered, 'especially if you accompany me.' 'Oh, I'm always one of her parties,' she gaily replied, 'a circumstance for which her clerical visitors generally express their thankfulness. There evidently was more implied than expressed here; but I let it pass, and

was shown to my room. Early the next morning I was awaked, by the loud and joyous minstrelsy of a thrush, which had perched itself on the top bough of an apple-tree, close to my window, and which was rapturously responded to by another who sang in a bush on the side of the mountain. These, thought I,

‘ These praise their Maker all they can,
And shame the silent tongue of man.’

Early though it was, I arose, and after presenting myself, through Christ to him, who maketh the outgoings of the morning to rejoice, set out on a ramble. The sun was not as yet high: the sparkling dew-drops were not as yet exhaled: few had commenced the toil of labour; and, but here and there, rose the curling smoke from the cottage or the hamlet. I set out unattended, and following an irregular pathway that winds along the base of the mountain beneath which the cottage is at once sheltered and hid, came to a point, whence I could see most of the valley, whose spread-out bosom presented numerous and varied beauties: then turning up a rugged serpentine road, reached with much difficulty, and after many pauses, the summit of the mountain. This was a proper place, and a proper time for meditation;

and every thing conspired to assist it. I thought on him—what so likely? who often made the mountain-top *his* oratory, when “he offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears.

And while the recollection of His blessed example was pressing on my heart, all surrounding objects contributed to deepen the solemn feeling, and to give intensity to it: the blue expanse of heaven above me; the wild grandeur of the scene around me; and the peaceful plain far beneath my feet. Then, there was nature’s melody, sweeter far than minstrel or harp. High in mid-air, and hid in excessive light, was heard the lark, shrill-voiced and ardent; and as if called up by him, ‘the coy choristers,’ that lodged among the deep-tangled copse of the shaggy precipices, were prodigal of song. There was a voice in every thing, and every where. I shall never forget the place; I shall never forget the hour I spent there.

Having determined to descend by another way, I addressed myself to the difficult, and somewhat perilous undertaking; but difficult and perilous though it was, every step was attended with a degree and a kind of gratification, which perhaps it would not be easy to

explain; and which if explained, few could enter into. I have mentioned that the sides of the mountain are very steep and rugged: nevertheless, there is more vegetation than is ordinarily found in such places. The rocks, which in some places seem to overhang the valley, and whose savage features are ill concealed by the underwood, that for ages has been doing its best to grow among them, have, by receiving and supporting the descending mould, and the yearly supplies of vegetable matter, formed numerous verdant plots, or successive tiers, if I may so speak, of miniature table-lands. These afford pasturage for flocks of sheep, during the spring and summer; and at the time of my visit, presented scenes, than which nothing could be more pure, peaceful, or touching. Nor was it only the browsing flock, that rendered this upland wild so interesting: there also, were scattered in vast profusion, and with all the negligence of nature, the most loved wild flowers, the hare-bell, the violet, but above all, the shining primrose. While drinking in the pleasure which such objects, and such places always afford me, I remembered the beautiful language of inspiration, "The winter is past, the rains are over and gone, the *flowers appear on the*

earth, the time of the *singing of birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

On reaching the road again, and while lingering in thought among the scenes I had just gazed upon, but which I should gaze upon no more, my attention was arrested by the appearance of an object, which at first was of very questionable shape or kind. She, for so it turned out, was dressed in the most grotesque of all grotesque styles. Her outer garments consisted of a short bed-gown, a petticoat, and an apron, all of coarse blue flannel, coarse grey stockings, and huge wooden shoes. On her head was a dingy night-cap, which ought to have been fastened under her chin, but this having been neglected, the long lappets were playing fantastically in the breeze; and surmounting the whole, was a man's hat, which had possessed colour and shape once, but of both of which, it had now long been destitute. Under her left arm she held a skuttle, or basket, and in her right hand a small drag. She moved with great agility, and after noticing her for a time, I found she was gathering manure from the road or turnpike.

I no sooner arrived at the cottage, than I

described this Being to Martha, when to my mortification and astonishment, she said, 'You are engaged to breakfast with her, Sir,' and, after pausing some time, rather mischievously added, 'however, you may be quite at ease, I am appointed *mistress* of the ceremonies; and I think in the end, you will not be sorry that you promised to go.' At the time appointed we paid our visit. Martha, however, had been there before, making preparations, and on entering, we were met by the old woman, who had changed her apparel, and in doing so, had so greatly improved her appearance, that not one trace of her calling an hour before, was left. In nothing was the kitchen, where we took breakfast, different from that of the amiable family whose visitor I then was, except inasmuch as there was no second story; consequently, it was open to the thatch. The conversation of the old woman was remarkably animated and varied. Strong natural sense, and a severe observation of human nature, were constantly perceivable; and owing to her incessant use of antiquated words, and long-current proverbial expressions, her remarks had a pith and a power quite unknown, and unfelt, in the ordinary circles of *polite* society.

I was encouraged to believe that she had received the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; a conclusion strengthened and confirmed by the following remark—a remark, which as it was made in earnest, will probably surprize the reader, as much as it surprized myself—‘ There are some, Sir, even in this out-of-the-way place, who love to hear the Gospel, but we are sadly off for a place of worship; I will give FIFTY POUNDS towards it, as soon as any proper person will set it on-foot.’¹

¹ I have purposely retained the language employed on this occasion, though I can neither give the pronunciation nor the accent.

CHAPTER IV.

HITHERTO I had learned very little respecting the family in the cottage, or the manner in which the Gospel had been so effectually introduced among the scattered inhabitants of the valley. Delicacy forbade me to press the subject, and yet curiosity—a laudable one I hope—panted to be gratified. From various incidental allusions, I was led to understand, that Martha had been chiefly instrumental in the good which had been accomplished; and further, that towards herself and relations, the providence and grace of God had been remarkably manifested. More I had not learned when I returned from breakfast.

‘It is fifteen years about this time,’ said the aged widow, as I took my seat by her side, ‘since my dear husband was taken from me. We had lived long and happily together, and it was a *sore thing* for me to be left alone, at

such a time of life.' 'Our times,' I answered, 'are in God's hands. He shutteth the gates of death and no man openeth, he openeth, and no man shutteth. The *time* of our death is of little importance compared with the *manner* of it. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," *whenever* they die.' 'True,' she said, 'I am afraid we didn't think as much about these things when my husband was with us, as we ought to have done, but we had one praying child, and we have reason to believe that her prayers availed much. Martha didn't live at home then, but she prayed for us. Ah ! what a *good* she has been to us all.' 'Was she far from home,' I asked. 'She was in K——, residing in a gentleman's family,' was the reply. 'As we could spare her from home at that time, and as she was anxious for improvement, we agreed to let her go ; and a blessed going it was for her.' 'In what particular way ?' said I. 'Why, Sir,' she answered, 'the family with which she lived attended constantly at Mr. W——'s church, and she had often to accompany them. There she heard such preaching as she had never heard before ; for at that time we hadn't much of any kind here, and it was the means of her conversion to God. 'A blessed

consequence,' I remarked. 'But d'ye know,' continued she, 'we all thought, she was going out of her head. Sometimes we were alarmed, and sometimes we were angry. And then she wrote such letters! telling us it was high time to be thinking about our souls—that nothing but true conversion would do for us—how unhappy she was on our account—how often she prayed for us all—and how she longed for the Gospel to be faithfully preached in the place where she was born. All that we could say or do had no effect upon her, except in making her more earnest about us. When she visited us once, for a week, she had a sad time I'll assure you, for the deaf and dumb ones were very bitter against her.' 'How,' I asked, 'could they understand the change that had passed upon their sister? and how did they shew their opposition?' 'Why, you see,' said the mother, 'though Martha was always what we called a good *lass*, yet when she came to see us after this change had taken place, there was something about her that there wasn't before. She was every now and then reading the Bible—then she would reason with them, for they all understand each other, and she would fain have had family worship. When they saw and knew

all this, its strange how they mocked her, and tried to disoblige her in almost every thing, especially the one that came to meet you, and who is now, blessed be God, so like herself: but she put up with it all, the time she had to stay, and I believe, she left with a heavy heart, because of the hardness of ours.' 'How long did she remain from home?' I asked. 'Until the death of my dear husband, her father,' was the reply. 'You said there was some hope in his death,' I continued. 'There is reason to think so,' she answered. 'Martha's conduct appeared to him in a very different light, as he drew near his end. Her conversation was no longer strange and uninteresting; her prayers were no longer unwelcome; and Jesus Christ was readily embraced, as a secure refuge, and comfortable-resting place to the soul.' 'These things,' she added, 'I did not understand at the time; but I remember them: and now I hope I do understand them.' 'Did these things,' I said, 'produce no favourable impression on your minds respecting Martha, and her religion?' 'I do not know that they did,' she replied. 'The severity of the stroke filled us with distress, and the solemnity of the event with awe; but no other effects were produced.

I indeed talked of following him soon, and at the moment felt it desirable, but it was merely because I loved him so much ; and I expressed a firm hope of again meeting him in heaven, but it was on the grounds of his and my own supposed moral goodness. There was something peculiar in Martha's conduct : she wept, but as you said last night of tried believers, she mingled smiles with her tears. She talked of her father being in heaven, but I remember her saying, "For He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him." We both hoped you see, Sir ; but had I died then, mine would have made me ashamed.' ' Did Martha remain with you from that time ? ' I asked. ' We were under the necessity,' said the mother, ' as my other daughter had got married, to request her to return to us. She told us on one condition she would do so, although it would be at the sacrifice of many comforts and privileges : that condition was, That she might without interruption, invite faithful ministers of any denomination to preach occasionally in the house, to ourselves and neighbours. The thing went sore against us, but she was firm, and we were obliged to consent. Thus she came, and though I should not say it, it was for this

place, as well as for my poor children and myself, a blessed coming.'

Here the ever active Martha entered, and introduced a friend, who she said wished to speak with me; and as he had a little leisure time, would shew me the neighbourhood. I readily accepted the offer, and presently found myself associated with an intelligent and entertaining companion.

'My object,' said he, 'in troubling you at this time, is, to request your services on behalf of our Sunday school. Miss W——,' meaning Martha, 'would have asked you, but she took so prominent a part in its formation, and is so closely bound up with all its concerns, that her modesty, or humility, or both, forbid.' 'I am glad you have such an institution,' said I; 'has it been long established?' 'Two or three years,' was the answer; 'and in connection with it is a society for the lending of tracts.' 'Better still,' I remarked, 'these are excellent means: "the little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: the Lord will hasten it."' 'Yes,' said my companion, 'in his day.' 'He hath told us,' I replied, 'when His day is: "*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation."'

‘ We wish to act upon that assurance,’ was his answer, ‘ and we think, a public appeal from a stranger, will awaken an interest among our neighbours, and give the institutions an importance in their eyes, which may be of lasting advantage.’ I concurred in the remark, and as my opportunities would be but few, fixed upon the earliest ; namely, the Sunday evening following.

In our progress down the valley, we came to a neat, embowered cottage, to which my companion directed my attention, saying, ‘ One of our most intelligent and excellent friends lives there.’ ‘ It seems to be a Public house,’ I observed. ‘ The traveller may obtain ordinary refreshments, but no spirituous liquors are sold,’ was the reply.

‘ Not long ago,’ my companion proceeded, ‘ a most amusing, and indeed instructive circumstance, transpired there : Two young gentlemen, so far as fashionable attire, and lofty airs could constitute them such, had been making a tour of these mountainous districts, and finding themselves on entering into our valley, likely to be benighted, sought and obtained lodgings in that humble INN. Their *genteel* manners, ill comported with the simplicity and ease of the landlord : their orders

perfectly astounded the inmates; and their insolence disgusted them. They *pretended* to be collegians—and from Cambridge too. The night passed over, in what manner with them I know not, and in the morning the bill was demanded in the best hotel style. ‘I seldom trouble my guests with a bill,’ said the landlord, ‘You know what you have had, and my charge is moderate: you may give me so much,’ mentioning a sum. This quite upset the gentlemen! they were shocked at such a want of common order and decency. ‘What the —— cannot you write out a bill, man,’ roared out one of them. ‘Why, yes, I *can* write it out,’ was the reply, ‘but I didn’t think it worth while.’ At this, they looked very big, and with a voice duly modulated for the occasion, and a brow most properly contracted, *begged* that he would let them have the account in a way to which gentlemen were accustomed: ‘that is,’ said one of them, ‘*if* you can *really* write.’ The landlord, upon this retired, and very soon presented the said bill. Understanding the figures—which was all they did understand—they paid the amount, carefully, folded up the paper, laughed almost outright, and departed.

On arriving at U——, the nearest market town in their road, they met with a tavern more to their taste; where they resolved to dine. Here they began to be merry, at the expense of the poor fellow—as they called him—the inn-keeper of ——, telling the company, how they had to bully him, before he would present them with his bill duly written out; and when he did present it, there was nothing but the figures, that any man could read: ‘indeed,’ said they, ‘we have kept it as a curiosity.’ ‘May I beg the favour of a sight of your curiosity?’ asked a person, who sat on the opposite side of the table. ‘O certainly,’ was the reply; the paper being handed to him at the same time. He took it; looked a moment at it, then darted a glance of rebuke at them—I mean the collegians—so withering, that it might have been launched from the scathing eye of my Lord Brougham, and thus spoke: ‘Gentlemen, this man, whom you are making your sport, *has* been, where I am afraid you never have—I mean at Cambridge. I know him well. He was educated for the church, but afterwards declined to take holy orders, from conscientious motives. Having a small paternal estate in the neighbourhood where you have been, he settled

down upon it, the retirement suiting his modest disposition. For the benefit of travellers he opened the small public house where you saw him, and where it is probable, you shared in his pity and contempt. Seeing that he had *university-men* to deal with, he has politely written out your account in elegant Greek characters—presenting the paper, as he uttered the last words, to a fellow traveller. The effect may be more easily conceived than described. Some blushed deeply for the young men; others were ready to burst, while endeavouring to suppress their emotions; and if rightly informed, one of the company absolutely roared out ‘bravo!’ Unable to stand this kind of fire, the two collegians effected a speedy retreat. ‘I should like to be introduced to the gentleman,’ I said. ‘You may very soon be gratified,’ was the answer: ‘he heard you last night, and I am sure he will be glad to see you.’ We accordingly called upon him, and I found him an interesting man indeed; and I hope disposed from the best motives to promote the real welfare of the place.

‘You seem to be intimate with the family in the *Cottage*,’ I said to my companion, as we returned. ‘Why, Sir,’ was the reply, ‘in

these retired places, we all know each other, and are in the habit of *looking in*, upon each other, as opportunity serves. We should be very dull indeed if it was with us, as I am told it is in large towns, where you do not know your next neighbour. Next to religion, friendship is the dearest solace in life, and most of all to be desired. There is however, another, and a higher ground, on which our intimacy rests : we are fellow members of the same Christian society, and have for some time been united in our efforts to do good in the place where we dwell.' 'A friendship so based, so cemented, and so sanctified, cannot fail,' I remarked, 'to be delightful and lasting: may I ask to what church you belong?' 'To the Baptist church assembling at —, fifteen miles off,' was the reply. 'And do you travel so far every Sunday?' I inquired. 'Not every Sunday,' he said, 'however, we very frequently do, and always on sacramental occasions.' 'Well,' I observed, 'the times have not long gone past when Christians would gladly have gone as far, if they might have worshipped in peace and security when they got there: we cannot be too thankful, that those days of the church's calamity have passed away, we hope for ever ;

and that our eyes see, and our ears hear our teachers, none daring to make us afraid.' 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'when we see our dear old minister ascend the pulpit which he has occupied these fifty years, and hear him proclaim the truth of the gospel with such peculiar unction, I'll assure you we forget the distance, and feel that "blessed are the people who know the joyful sound." 'Our society,' he continued, 'is widely scattered, and it is an affecting sight on a sabbath morning to witness the approach to God's house, of numbers of persons, many of whom have travelled eight, ten, or fifteen miles. I often apply the words of the Psalmist—"Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord to the testimony of Israel." 'Have you many to accompany you from this place?' I asked. 'There are a few,' he answered, 'the most remarkable of whom, is Martha's younger deaf and dumb brother. Sir, there is one of the wonders of grace! there is an instance of God's sovereign method of acting! Why, Sir, the lion is become a lamb; and the other branches of the family are giving pleasing signs of a similar change. All the particulars of this work should be carefully collected and preserved. God would be glorified thereby.' As he assured me

that I would find Martha communicative on the subject, I waived it at that time, in order to obtain information which I thought she would be too modest to give.

To secure my object, I continued the conversation, and said, 'Here seems to be an effectual work going on among you ; how long may it be, since it commenced?' In answering this question, he gave the following account:—'When Miss W——'s father died, it was necessary that she should return home, and take the management of the family into her own hands. Having obtained mercy herself, she was anxious that others should know it, and resolved that nothing should be wanting on her part, to promote the establishment of religious means in the vicinity of her home. That she might not be hindered in her plans and determinations, she had a perfect understanding with the family, that in taking the charge of their affairs, she should not be interfered with in religious matters. I am not certain, whether her decision in favour of adult baptism was come to before or after her return home: be that as it may, she wisely and nobly put out of sight her own partialities, and adopted plans which she thought most applica-

ble to the case: and which she saw would promote the greatest amount of real good. It is no reflection upon her to suppose, that she rejoices in the spread of her own sentiments, and those of her denomination; but it is no ordinary praise to say of her, that she places non-essentials where non-essentials ought to be, and aims first of all, to have sinners brought to Christ. Acting on this principle, she opened the *Cottage* for preaching and prayer, and invited ministers of every evangelical church to deliver sermons and addresses. She was generally successful in her applications; hence we were favoured with preaching, such as few of us had heard before. Effects soon began to shew themselves; such effects as are, I suppose, always produced by the faithful preaching of "Christ crucified." Some were broken-hearted and subdued; others were roused to much mischief and fury. But the most remarkable opposition, was from the deaf and dumb members of her own household. I have been informed, that they were most prolific in inventions to annoy, thwart, and distress her; and for a length of time they would not act with common decorum during the worship of God. From without too, she was assailed in various

ways; some mocking, and others impugning her motives. But none of these things moved her: her object was grand, and although conscious of her difficulties, and more than any one else of her own insufficiency, her faith in God's appointed means, and in God's recorded promises was unwavering.

'For some time, the religious destitution of the rising race had deeply affected her. This anxiety for the children around her, gave rise to her Sunday school, of which necessarily she had, for a long period, the sole management. She soon witnessed a two-fold benefit from this institution: for first, the dear, but hitherto neglected children, were taught in the things of God the Father, Son, and Spirit; and secondly, when the hardened and ignorant parents saw the attention that was freely paid to their offspring, and their attachment to Miss W——, their prejudices began to give away, and their attendance upon the public preaching became much more frequent and regular.

'But a class of means were still wanting, to meet the entire state of the neighbourhood; means that would reach and penetrate the most careless and degraded families. The distribution of religious tracts at once suggested

itself to Martha's mind. This at any earlier period would have been almost impracticable; but now since the children of the different families had been taught to read, it was no longer so. It was immediately commenced, and with the kind assistance of a wealthy lady then spending a few days amongst us, put into efficient operation. To this society,' added he, 'you will have to refer on Sunday evening.'

'“Blessed are they,” I said, “that sow beside all waters,” and this I think is very like it: well, continue to sow, and you are sure to reap an abundant harvest. “God is faithful who hath promised;” and we are assured by his blessed Spirit, that such labour shall not be in vain.’ ‘I hope some first-fruits have already been reaped,’ was my friend's reply: ‘and we are looking for a large in-gathering, when all the praise shall be given to him to whom alone it belongeth. Our wild mountains, and scattered population,’ he continued, ‘hold out but little promise to the stranger, who is accustomed to large and elegant congregations, and almost daily accounts of impressed, convinced, or converted souls; but a few weeks journeying among us, would elicit facts and cases, the most illustrative of the freeness, the fulness, and

the power of divine grace. Some of the sweetest flowers, are found beneath the deepest shade.'

The last remark reminded me of what I had seen that morning, on the shaggy sides of their own mountains, and very naturally led me to quote Gray's admired line :

' Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

Though I questioned whether

' To waste its sweetness in the desert air.'

' In truth,' I said, ' none of God's productions are wasted. The flower that ' blushes unseen,' contributes its share to the diffusive fragrance, that refreshes and exhilarates on every side: but at any rate,' I observed, ' the fragrance of grace cannot be wasted: it is acceptable to God—it is reviving and pleasant to man. The Christian's name may be unknown, and his residence remote, but his example will be felt; his influence will be acknowledged; and above all, his prayers will be heard. Every real believer, even in this retired spot, *is a blessing to the world.*'

' It is a most animating thought,' said my friend, ' and ever after this, I shall remember, *That an obscure and unknown Christian, no more than a shaded and unobserved flower, can exist in vain.*'

CHAPTER V.

ON Thursday morning I left the 'Cottage among the mountains,' in order to fulfil my engagement with the friends at B——; purposing to return to it again on the next Sabbath evening. My object was, as I have stated, to suggest for adoption some efficient means of education, to which all might have access. To this however I did not confine myself, as the sequel will show.

At the time of which I now write, the emancipation of the slaves in our West India islands was the all-absorbing question, both in the high court of parliament, and in the country. On no other question had I ever felt a deeper interest; and on no other question had I ever written or spoken, with such unrestrained liberty, or indignant vehemence. Considering it the duty of every British subject to understand the question, and to take a part in the struggle then going on, betwixt the slave-holder and

the friends of humanity,—nay, of our country, I seldom lost an opportunity of introducing it, and of urging the necessity of ‘petitioning’ from every district. I asked certain individuals if any thing had been done in that place; to which they replied that nothing had been done, and they thought it very questionable, whether any good could be effected, by agitating the subject. I answered, ‘The measure of good effected, is not the rule of our duty: eight hundred thousands of our fellow creatures are at this moment, and in British colonies, deprived of the dearest rights, and most valued privileges of men, and are subjected to a species of degradation, and degrees of suffering, which it is not in the power of human language to describe. Shall this state of things continue?’ ‘Why nay,’ said a little wrinkled farmer of considerable importance, ‘it *out-unt*, if what ye say be throe.’ ‘True, my friend!’ said I, ‘you have not heard half of the truth.’ ‘It’s a parlish cruel thing,’ was his answer; and then uttering something betwixt a growl and a groan; leisurely placing one leg across the other; and wiping his face with his hand, added, ‘But then what can sich peuir folks as us dea?’ ‘Do,’ I replied, ‘you can sign petitions against

the abomination, and send them to be presented, and read in the hearing of parliament, and of Government itself.' 'But whea's ta wraite t' petition?' he asked. 'I will do it,' I said, 'and will accompany any suitable person to every house in the district to-morrow and on Saturday, in order to obtain signatures.'

The proposal was accepted—how could it be otherwise?—a petition drawn up for each *House*, and a young man appointed to visit the neighbourhood with me. On the morrow, our operations commenced. There was quite a sensation. Overseers, tax-gatherers, and collectors of small tithes, were common enough; but our appearance was not exactly that, of any of those officials. Then we had rolls of white paper in our hands, and although these were somewhat mysterious affairs, they were not the ominous, queer looking books, that such gentlemen generally carry with them. Moreover we called upon all; but I wot, that, *that* which chiefly convinced them, of our being a separate class from any of the above, was our CIVILITY. I say not this in a spirit of self-flattery, but that all may have their due.

As we proceeded, curiosity increased, and doubtless many and various were the surmisings of the folks. Presently a number of children drew

near to reconnoitre, and ever and anon as we advanced, one and another bounded off to report progress, and convey the intelligence of our approach. 'Thur cummin hither Muthar,' was the general announcement; upon which, some of the inmates hastened to the door, where they awaited our arrival. 'Wha, what'st awl about?' was the first question asked. Our reply was short and simple. 'To send a petition to parliament, begging them to make eight hundred thousands of our fellow creatures who are now slaves, FREEMEN as they ought to be. Will any one within, give us his name?' Many understood us at once, and cheerfully complied, adding to their signature a wish, that we might succeed. Others could not or would not comprehend the thing, and refused to sign, saying, 'They were 'flay't' they 'sud dea sumthink nut reet.' One of the most remarkable instances of stupidity and ignorance I will relate.

My companion, who knew the neighbourhood and the habits of the people, suggested, that we should proceed to a district where resided two or three ancient families, each having servants, and try to secure their names. We did so, and found as we passed along, that our fame had gone before us. Although it was noon,

many suspended operations at the dinner-table, to survey us and our rolls; among which was a young female unusually tall and clumsy, without a bonnet or cap. For a length of time she carefully examined us, but upon our approach she scampered off in a style the most ludicrous, her dishevelled hair flying in the wind, and her big bare arms vigorously plying, in order to increase the momentum of the body.

The first house we entered, was that of a substantial farmer. The home-stead was extensive, and externally such as may be seen in any rural district. We went to the kitchen door, and after a salute from some three or four dogs, who barked most vociferously, but did not bite, because we were not beggars, were asked to 'step in.'

The master had just left the dinner-table, and several servants, male and female, were in the act of sitting down. 'We have made free to call upon you,' said I, 'to request you and your servants to sign these petitions against the continuance of West India slavery.' 'What war ye wantin,' asked he, as if he had not heard. I repeated what I had said before; adding, it was high time for England to wipe away the foul blot, that had so long disgraced

her. The scene at this moment was highly characteristic and amusing. The master, who had taken possession of a big arm chair, on one side of the hearth stone, rolled his body into the easiest after-dinner posture; pulled his hat, something the worse for wear, half over his eyes, and rested his head upon his hand. Two female servants, on the far side of the table, hung down their heads as if to hide a half suppressed grin; elbowed each other, and cast under glances first at us, and then at the male servants opposite; who, in their turn, leared over their shoulders, as if anxious to see what kind of beings we were, and yet as if afraid to look. 'Is't ony thing belangin tive us?' asked the master. I said, 'It belongs to every one, inasmuch as man ought to feel for man, and not cherish the detestable spirit of Cain, who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"' Fearing he might suppose we wanted a donation, I told him, we were not appealing to the pockets, but to the hearts of the people; therefore it would cost him nothing but the time and trouble of writing his name.

Even this had no effect: 'Wil't dea us ony gude?' was the provoking reply. 'The amount of good to yourself,' I answered, 'will be a

pleasing consciousness, of having so far done your duty; besides you will avoid the fearful destiny of those, who, when they see their brother drawn to death, refuse to deliver him.' 'Thur's sea monney fresh things set a-foot noo-a-days,' grumbled he, 'that a' cannut tell what it 'ill cum tull: dear-a-me, whin a' was a lad we had neane o' thur things, and times wur far better then. Cannot ye let 'um aloan?' I said, 'No, Sir, slavery must cease, and I beseech you to take some part in the work, that old as you are, your last hours may, perchance, be cheered by the gladsome tidings, *that all men are free.*' But even the thought of freedom had no effect upon him. He was a heartless earth-worm, and probably, had never felt a generous glow of any kind, or toward any one, unconnected with *self*. On respectfully urging him again, he said, 'Nay, a' tell ye, a' winnut gie me nyaime: our fore-fadthers did'unt see ony casion fur all this kind o' wark, and a' dinnut see that we are ony wiser than they wur.' Finding the case utterly hopeless, I said, 'Then perhaps you will allow your men to sign our petitions;' to which he finally answered, 'Nay, they kna' nout aboot it, ye had better gang to sum body else.' On our depart-

ing, he gave us a look, which I daresay was very significant, but which defied all our powers of interpretation; the servants again peeped over their shoulders and giggled; and the dogs barked us out of, as they had barked us into, the farm yard!

Our success in one or two more cases was similar, but on the whole we obtained a goodly number of signatures to the petitions. One person, mistaking our office and character, threw the door in our face, saying, 'I winnut pay a farthing o't, sea then.' The obtaining of signatures, however, was not the only fruit of our labours. We communicated a great deal of information, which to the persons we had seen, was new and important. We opened their eyes to a monstrous evil; and we made them feel that they had an interest in others, and that they ought to send their thoughts and their sympathies beyond their own little circle.

The evening of this fatiguing day was spent in company of a somewhat mixed character, but on the whole interesting. Most of the persons present felt and acknowledged the great lack of educational means, and entered, as well as they knew how, into the proposed attempt to supply the neighbourhood more adequately.

They did not all however, "see eye to eye" on the subject. A few thought mankind learned enough, among whom was a lady of great conversational powers, and otherwise attractive; but exhibiting too much of the aristocrat for some of us. She, like myself, was only a visitor in the vicinity, and had been introduced to the party by the family with whom she was at the time staying. She had been educated quite *a la mode*; had been introduced to the world; had figured at a grand ball; had read novels, and could speak their very language; had travelled a little; was married, and the mother of a beautiful boy, and a lovely girl. I had not seen her previously to that evening, and I have not, to my knowledge, seen her since. Whether it was, that, being both strangers, we were led through sympathy to direct our conversation to each other; or whether it was that others being nearly silent, we were compelled to talk; or whether it was, that neither of us were much troubled with that '*mauvaise honte*,'¹ which so often keeps learning, wit, and talent, in obscurity, I know not. Talk we did, and soon had the undivided attention of all present—more I am

¹ Bashfulness.

persuaded, on account of the novelty, and interest of the topics touched upon, than the manner in which they were treated; although my fair antagonist—for we differed on almost every point—managed her part with uncommon *piquancy* and effect.

She had heard of my attempts to rouse an anti-slavery feeling and spirit in the place, and also of the intention of certain individuals to promote the diffusion of sound and useful knowledge. On this question especially she seemed ready for debate. Her first remark was of a very general nature, but gradually, as she intended and foresaw, led to the great subject.

‘Philanthropic exertion, Sir, is quite the order of the day: what favoured times we live in!’ There was a spice of satire in the observation, which was rendered doubly effective by an accompanying ‘*coup d’œil*,’ irresistibly expressive; but deeming it better not to perceive it just then, I replied ‘There certainly was a spirit abroad, that distinguished *this*, from all preceding ages, and which should be regarded as one of the most affecting indications of the Divine regard and goodness towards us as a nation and a people. A selfish inactivity,’ I

continued, 'has too long prevailed, especially among Christians; for they, you know, profess, not only to believe in, but to imitate Him "who went about doing good."' "

'Very true Sir,' she said, 'but our zeal should be regulated by prudence, or following your example in quoting from Scripture, it should be "according to knowledge." I confess,' she continued, 'I have my doubts respecting some of the institutions of the day, and augur no very great advantages from them, either to the present or future generations; and for this reason, betwixt their professed object, and the means they employ for the attainment thereof, there is no true or proper relation.'

'Your remark is of such a general nature, ma'am,' I answered, 'that I do not clearly perceive its application. Will you furnish an example?'

'Why, Sir, I can easily do that, although perhaps like some other gentlemen I know, you will be *exceedingly surprised*. I will instance the various educational societies which have of late been established, for the avowed purpose of benefitting the lower orders'—'The poorer classes you mean, ma'am,' I said: 'Well, well,

the *poorer classes* then. Now look at the proposed object, and then at the adopted means. You wish to benefit the poor, that is, those who have to obtain their support by hard labour, and whose advantage as well as duty consists in knowing their station, and in being content therein. Well, what do you do? You erect your schools on a scale that was never thought of by former generations; you appoint regularly qualified teachers, as they are called; you throw wide your doors to all who can pay a mere acknowledgment; you discard the good old-fashioned style of teaching just what is really sufficient for the poor, and you open the whole field of learning to their view, thus stimulating them to ardour and emulation as *scholars*. When they are obliged to leave the school, then you have your Mechanic's Institutes, your Lending Libraries, your Public Lectures, and I know not what else; thus keeping up a system of means, which as it gave them a disrelish for labour, servitude, and due subordination at the first, has a continuous tendency to divert their attention from their proper situation, and to fill their imagination with visions and hopes, the most tantalizing and injurious. Is this to benefit them? Why Sir,

said she emphatically, ‘ Since I can remember, the poor classes knew their place and their duty: good servants *could* be had then, but *now* they are so learned—I declare I can get very little good of mine. They are always reading novels, or writing love-letters, or contriving how they may appear above their situation! Besides, their notions are such as servants should never entertain: I scarcely dare speak to mine as a mistress ought to do; and when I converse with them on any thing, they assume as many airs, as if they knew as much, or more than myself.’ ‘ Not an impossible case, perhaps, ma’am,’ said I. ‘ Why not impossible, Sir; but it is, you know, exceedingly provoking to be questioned, and I dare say, criticised by servants.’

A profound silence prevailed while the lady was speaking, with the exception of my slight interruptions, which rather helped than hindered the effect. Indeed, it was impossible to be inattentive; for with all the sophistry of the argument, and the somewhat annoying airs which Mrs. — gave herself, there was such an expression of countenance, such a fervid rapidity of utterance, and withal, such a musical and correct pronunciation, as could not fail to arrest and fascinate.

I was about to reply, when an old lady who was 'well off in the world,' and to whom considerable attention was paid by her neighbours, prevented me by saying, 'Varra thrue: A' was sayin tive oor lasses t'other day, A' cudn't tell what t'warld wad cum teoo, fur iv'ry body noo, wanted to be ladies and gentlemen. Nobbit wait a-bit, and we sannut git ony body to work i'th' hoose, ur i'th' fields. A's sum-times fair maaz'd.' It would be useless to describe the effect of this unexpected address: two or three said, '*They war seer it was sea;*' and others looked at me, as if anxious to hear what I could say.

'Your views of the influence and tendency of education, ma'am,' I said, 'are certainly very far from mine. Education bears no relation to coronets, to titles, or to equipage, or to what we call 'high' and 'low' life; but to MIND. Every system, at least that I am acquainted with, professes to aim at mental and moral culture; and as the poorer classes have naturally as much mind as the richer classes, I can see no reason why they should not make as much use of it, if circumstances allow. In what divine revelation, or in what code of laws is it declared, that only one portion of the rational creation

shall enjoy the pleasures, perform the duties, and aspire to the honours of rational creatures? When or by what authority was it ever enacted, that a large majority of beings constituted by God himself, not only intelligent, but accountable, should be kept in ignorance, and preserved, only to propagate others to be kept in ignorance, that so the favoured few might have a more stupid, and consequently, a more servile train of domestics?

‘I most cheerfully admit, that civil and social distinctions, are not only decent, but necessary: and that it is a *religious duty* to observe and honour these distinctions, “Honour to whom honour is due,” is with me authoritative; but I say, let our distinctions offer no insult to our common humanity: let our distinctions have no tendency to generate an impression, that because there are grades, in civil society, there must necessarily be an essentially intellectual and moral difference among the individuals making up that society. There is a moral fitness in truth, ma’am, to enlighten the mind, and a capacity in the mind to receive the illuminations of truth. This, I think, is a strong presumptive argument in favour of universal education, and goes far to prove, that mental

cultivation, on right principles, can never injure an intelligent being, or make that being less qualified, or less disposed, to perform every real duty arising out of the various relationships of life.

‘Why should our peasantry not be educated? Why should it be good for their souls to be without knowledge, in despite of what God the Spirit hath said? I can only conceive of one reason that can be given, certainly not a very creditable one, namely, that the richer classes, who are the masters and mistresses, may not be under the necessity of cultivating their own minds.’

‘In the name of masters and mistresses,’ said Mrs. — ‘allow me to thank you for your enlarged charity.’ I bowed, and thus proceeded: ‘I must maintain, ma’am, that only ignorance need fear the spread of knowledge. Education is intended for moral and practical purposes: it is intended to teach man what he is; to acquaint him with the various relations he sustains, and the duties necessarily arising out of these relations; to call forth his intellectual powers; to implant right principles; to awaken proper emotions; to open up sources of gratification, infinitely superior to those which are merely animal; and above all, to conduct

him in God's own way, to God's own eternal kingdom. Now ma'am, I conceive there is nothing in all this to startle the most timid, or to offend the most discreet. To love darkness rather than light, is not more unnatural, than to prefer ignorance to knowledge. We should suspect in the one case, as much as in the other, that some fearful judgment had fallen upon the individual thus giving the preference, or that *he* was acting under the influence of a motive too base for disclosure. To tell us that men will perform their duty worse, because they know it better; that in proportion as they become intelligent, they will become useless; and that as they learn how to appreciate whatever is excellent, lovely, and of good report, they will become disorderly and ungovernable, is to trifle with every thing that is serious in argument, and to reflect on the wisdom and goodness of him, who has promised as one of the distinguishing peculiarities and blessings of the latter day: "That many shall run to and fro, and *knowledge* shall be increased." I admit that education may be prostituted,—but what may not? I also admit that some systems of education may be improper and injurious; but I speak of an education suited to

man, not only as intelligent, but also as accountable. That we may expect a race of mechanics and servants, that will indulge in reading, and in writing 'love-letters,' is, I think, tolerably certain ; and, as it would be very shocking to have such vulgar bodies as they, married in royal style, that is, without previous acquaintance, and by proxy, I think the '*billet doux*,' a most excellent and innocent plan.'

The last remark produced a slight breeze among the company, and the lady said, 'Really, Sir, you push my views too far ; however I see the subject in a somewhat different light, though I am still far from agreeing with you on every point.' 'A simple reference to facts,' I added, 'may be as useful as many arguments. In Ireland, where the people are the *worst* educated, there is the greatest amount of insubordination and crime ; in Scotland, where the people are the *best* educated, there is the least amount. In England, where the people are *better* educated than in Ireland, but *worse* than in Scotland, there is a less amount of insubordination and crime than in the former place ; but to a greater amount than in the latter place.' 'Then d'ye fancy,' said one of the ancient men of the place, 'that if thur wur

mooar education, thur wad be less crime?' 'Certainly, I do,' was my answer; 'and I think I can convince you there would. In looking over the various Police reports—I mean in London, and in reading and hearing the statements of Chaplains to goals and Houses of Correction, I find that an overwhelming proportion of the persons committed, can neither read nor write—in other words, that very few persons of ordinary education are ever found among the criminals.' 'A' seer then,' said he, 'it wad be a gude thing if it war mare common.' This *common*-sense conclusion, approved itself at once to all who understood the terms in which it was expressed; and Mrs. — partly *guessing* the import, said gayly, 'Well, Sir, the schoolmaster *is* abroad, and you are an excellent forerunner.'

At this moment, refreshments were brought in: the conversation became general; and countenances which during the discussion had settled down to a fixed gravity, relaxed into an animated smile. The visit closed, with the reading of a portion of that book, which is able, through the Spirit, to make us wise unto salvation, and the offering up of prayer, unto Him, who is LIGHT as well as LOVE.

CHAPTER VI.

A LETTER which I received more than four years ago, from a lady, the mother of a numerous family, will best introduce the present chapter, and tend in no common manner to illustrate the words of scripture: "I will lead the blind by a way which they knew not." If in the detail of facts found in this section of the book, there be the appearance of egotism, I can only say, it is from no desire to make myself prominent; but because all the circumstances of the case require it. I feel an obligation laid upon me, to be humble and thankful; and most sincerely do I say, in this and in every other instance of good effected—"Not unto me, but to thy name be the glory." The letter was as follows:—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

You will, I am sure, excuse the liberty, which as a stranger, I am now taking ; especially when you learn the occasion and my motives. I am the mother of a large family, some of which are rising fast into life, and must in all probability, soon enter upon the world. Ever since I have been a mother, up to the present moment, my anxiety respecting the everlasting state of my children, has been intense and unceasing ; but until lately, I have had to mourn, that all my prayers and exertions, have been apparently in vain. God has been better than my fears, and now through your instrumentality, one of them, and that the first-born too, has been brought to yield herself to God, as a living sacrifice. I know you will thank God with me on her behalf, and with me pray, that as she is the first-born, so she may be the first fruits ; and that the others also, may in due time, be gathered to Christ. She, with two gay friends—herself as gay as they were—went to hear the stranger at —. That stranger was yourself, and your text was from Hosea xiv. 5. “ I will be as the dew unto Israel.” The word was with power, and she, and I hope another of the party, left under an influence, which they had never

felt before. I at first rejoiced with trembling, lest it should be but a momentary impression ; but I can no longer doubt. I beg you to favour us with a visit. I shall be glad to see you for my Mary's sake, and for the sake of Him who is our common Lord and Saviour. I have long been a member of a Christian church, though not of the same name with yours. This I am persuaded will not unduly influence you. " There is neither Greek nor Jew—but Christ is all and in all."

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

A REJOICING AND GRATEFUL MOTHER.

This letter, though written sometime after, refers to that Sabbath, which I had been prevailed upon to spend, partly at —, and partly at *the Cottage* among the Mountains. Had my first arrangement been adhered to, it is probable, the interesting individuals spoken of in the letter, would never have seen my face, nor I theirs ; but he, who not only knows them that are his, but has also determined the time and the means of their calling, made his counsel to stand, and did all his pleasure.

' He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs.'

I acted with perfect freedom in prolonging my visit; yet, however mysterious, I must admit, there was a "hand and a counsel," that had fixed the bounds of my temporary habitation. They for their own gratification, had selected that *time* and *place*, for a visit, and agreed to hear the 'stranger,' that their curiosity might be gratified; but God, who it is to be feared, was not in their thoughts, and who certainly had not been acknowledged by them, was accomplishing in them, and for them, purposes as ancient as eternity, and as unchangeable as his own nature. "What shall we say to these things?"

The morning of that Sabbath lives in my recollection. On rising early, the dawning glories of the deep empurpled east, shot along the distant horizon, reminding me of the prophet's touching allusion to Christ: "To them that fear his name shall the sun of righteousness arise, with healing *under his wings*." Yon beaming lustre of rays, thought I, as I gazed, are the wings of day—of this Sabbath day. O what life and health, and joy, they bring! Already darkness has fled; already creation revives; already man rises from the image of death; the flower, wet with the night dew,

lifts its drooping head, and the music of nature swells through the air.

So let a spiritual day dawn, and brighten upon thy church, O Lord; then shall there be peace on earth and rapture in heaven.

'As was the promise of the morning, such was the day. Nothing obscured for a moment the brightness of the blue heavens, except indeed, the thin and silvery remnants of vapour, which occasionally floated in mid-air and which were soon 'blotted out:' gentle breezes, as they strayed from the mountains, cooled the atmosphere, and softly fanned the throbbing temple; and such was the still tranquillity of the scene, that creation, as well as man, seemed to have entered into Sabbath rest. There are persons on whom external objects have little influence: neither does the cloudy and dark day depress, neither does the fine italian sky cheer and exhilarate. They hear no music in the rippling stream; they see no beauty in the shining landscape. If mountains lift their congregated masses in Alpine grandeur, to them there is nothing sublime; or if valleys smile in vernal and in virgin loveliness, to them there is nothing touching. I confess I belong not to their number. I can see, and feel, and hear nature; and

I can believe, because I have often felt it, that scenes and circumstances may greatly influence our devotions, and contribute to our highest and holiest enjoyments. Surely it was the case, on the day I now write of. Even the appearance of the congregation, did not chill me as on the former occasion; and yet *it* was not materially different, but *I* was different. Instead of dejection, I felt a firm persuasion, that He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, and who was at that moment pouring a flood of unrivalled glory over the fair face of creation, could so shine into the hearts of the people assembling, as “to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God,” and could fill us all “with joy and peace in believing.”

On entering the sanctuary, I found my deaf and dumb friend devoutly seated. He was to me, an interesting spectacle. I steadfastly beheld him for a few moments, wondering at what God had done for him, and attempting to trace the inward workings of his mind. How did he carry on the process of thought, especially on divine things? What did he substitute for the names and terms, without which we feel it so difficult to think? In what manner would he

address God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit ? or how would he engage in meditation, and in prayer ? or make confessions of sin ? or pour out thanksgivings for present mercies, and future glorious hopes ? These and other queries passed through my mind, almost with the rapidity of lightning ; but as it was neither the time nor the place for such inquiries, I satisfied myself with the assurance that God was as near to him as to any other in the sanctuary, and could be at no loss either in understanding his speechless worshipper, or in making himself understood.

It was at this moment, that the young ladies to whom the foregoing letter refers, entered. From the attention which they excited, and the frequent side glances which were directed towards them, I soon perceived they were strangers. They were elegantly and fashionably attired, easy in their manners, and obviously accustomed to the services and duties of public worship. I observed them with great interest ; especially as I noticed from their speaking countenances, that they were not inattentive, and I hoped, not unprofitable hearers of the word. On being introduced to them, I learned their names and residences, and gave them

similar information respecting myself—but I knew not what the Lord had wrought.

On leaving the chapel, I found my friend waiting without, who by certain signs informed me that a horse was waiting for me at the inn, and as soon as I was ready, he would conduct me to the ‘Cottage among the Mountains.’

A history of this day, including the events which rose out of it, could not fail to interest and edify the Christian; the utmost that I shall attempt, however, will be a condensed statement of facts, which came under my own review, especially in connection with the foregoing letter. On the return of my young friends—for so I may now call them—a marked change was observed, especially in the gay and lively Mary. Her affectionate mother beheld it, as she says, with mingled emotions of hope and fear; but took every opportunity, and employed every means to foster and perfect that which had been begun. It is seldom that we can speak so freely to near relations on spiritual matters, as to others. This difficulty was felt in the present case, but was in some degree overcome by the prudent and affectionate treatment of the mother. Suitable books were laid in the way of the anxious inquirer; topics

adapted to the state and feelings of the young convert, were *incidentally* introduced; the various experience of Christians, especially of babes in Christ, was judiciously discussed, and thus an opportunity was afforded to pass, by an easy transition, from generals to particulars—from what others had felt, to what herself was feeling.

I seized the earliest opportunity of visiting the place and family, and found verified the language of Scripture: "Cast thy bread upon the water, and it shall be found many days hence." I was received with the utmost Christian courtesy, and a kindness of which I felt myself utterly unworthy. That, however, which affected me most, and indeed humbled me most, was my first interview with Mary and her cousin. "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?" said I, as they approached, "are not even *ye* in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" "We are glad to see you," was all the reply they could make.

Mary's mother, unable to restrain her feelings, abruptly left the room, on which her father said, as if he would mend the matter, 'Mothers cannot bear much;' and then after a pause, during which *he* was well nigh overcome,

added rather unconnectedly, 'However, you are welcome under our roof.' If Mr. G— wished to calm our tumultuous bosoms, he had far better have said nothing; but I wist, he knew not what he said. Oh, let not any reader blame this as unmanly weakness. It was the involuntary response of an enlightened father's heart, to the renewed throbbings of a dear, a first-born child.

In order to divert the attention a little, and to tranquillize the agitated feelings, I made some remarks on the general appearance of the town and neighbourhood, which for the first time I had seen. This had the desired effect, and by the time that Mrs. G. had joined us again, an air of cheerfulness and ease prevailed, and the evening was passed in the most pleasant and profitable manner. The minister under whom the family generally sat, soon joined the party; when Mary quietly told me, glancing significantly at him, that arrangements had been sketched out, for my preaching, if I would just be so good, at their own chapel on Wednesday evening; at B— on Thursday evening; at T— on Friday evening; and at their own chapel again on Sunday: and then she added, 'we want a sermon to young persons on Mon-

day evening. Now,' continued she, 'you must, indeed you must; our minister wishes it, and we shall be so glad. Nay, don't look grave about it.' 'Oh no,' responded her cousin Anna, her eyes sparkling as she spoke, 'you really must not *study* an answer; I see as clearly as possible how it must be: you shall have a suitable conveyance, and a company of us will go with you, and form your body guard.' 'Though you have come out for a little recreation, Sir,' said the minister, 'I dare say you have no objection to labour for your great master; and I think you should be afraid of refusing, seeing he has so owned your occasional services.'

This appeal was sufficiently pointed and powerful. I answered, 'Taking for granted that you and your friends have *some mercy*, I cheerfully submit myself to your and their governance for the present.' 'Now, this being settled,' said Mrs. G. 'will you make your final arrangements for the morrow;' then turning to me, said, 'Dr. T. is to preach a public sermon at L—, would you like to go?' 'I should very much,' I replied, 'I know the Doctor, and generally enjoy his preaching.' This was decided upon. Conversation, sacred music, and

prayer, filled up the remaining hour, when we separated for the night.

‘ Here,’ said Mary, as we walked in the pleasure grounds the next morning, and pointing as she spoke, to a summer-house almost hid among shrubs, ‘ here my mother generally spends her mornings, from seven until eight o’clock, and she often says it is the best part of the day to her.’ ‘ I dare say she finds it so,’ I replied, ‘ the great Judge Hale used to remark, that no man was in a state to enter upon the duties and dangers of the day, who had not previously spent an hour in his closet with his God; and that for himself, if ever he omitted it, every thing was sure to go amiss. Of course when he said ‘ an hour,’ he took for granted that persons had their time somewhat at command. God is not a hard master, and sees as much to approve in the poor man’s five minutes, as in the rich man’s sixty. They are the happiest,’ I continued, ‘ who give unto God the first and best part of their life, and the first and best part of every day.’

‘ There can be no question about it,’ she said, ‘ but how strangely averse we are from God, and spiritual things. The subject,’ she continued, ‘ has engaged my mind very much, indeed, almost

constantly of late. It might be thought that a simple appeal to the understanding would be enough : I reasoned this way. Is God the chief good ? He must be because he possesses *all* perfections in an infinite degree. Can any thing be more desirable, than to have an interest in, and to enjoy that chief good ? Certainly not, for the chief good comprehends all good and every good. Can sinful creatures be admitted to so high a privilege ? No doubt of it ; for this purpose God gave up his Son to death. May I possess that which I see in my understanding to be the chief good ? As readily and as fully as any who have possessed it, or who do now possess it. Now here is an admitted conviction of the mind, a conviction which I have often felt, and yet at the same time have preferred something infinitely inferior. I saw that my mother had enjoyments, of which I knew nothing, and yet I would not yield my heart to them.' 'What infatuation,' I replied, 'It is a moral, rather than an intellectual malady : it matters not what we see, or what we know, if the heart, the affections be not influenced.'

'And a carnal mind cannot love spiritual things,' she remarked. 'Certainly not,' was my answer, 'but do not misapply the word *cannot*.

The mind, physically speaking, can love one object as well as another. It requires no new faculty in the mind, in order to love God; but it requires that spiritual light should be given, and the mind disposed to that, from which it now sinfully turns away. All that I can understand by the expression, 'the carnal mind *cannot* love God,' is, that because of its enmity it *will not* love him.' 'But does not this *moral* inability amount to an insuperable barrier in the way of a sinner's coming unto God?' she asked:—'Until a divine power operate upon the mind,' I answered. 'And yet we are accountable for not coming?' she continued. 'Yes,' I replied, 'and for very obvious reasons. First, our inability originates not in any defect of which God is the author, but in the determined opposition of our affections to him: and, secondly, God has provided a remedy every way suited to the desperate nature of the case, and presents it to man for acceptance.' 'The first proposition,' she said, 'explains the reason of man's accountability: the second gives it fearful aggravation. Now in one place it is said, "Ye will not come unto me;" and in another, "No man can come unto me, except the Father which sent me draw him:" pray

how are these reconciled?' 'The two passages,' I observed, 'viewed together, shew thus much, That man might come if he were inclined, but that such is the deep-rooted aversion of his heart from God, that nothing but an influence dispensed in a sovereign way can overcome it.' 'This makes man bad indeed, and God kind and merciful indeed,' said Mary, and thus continued: 'Well, my own experience confirms all you have said,

'Jesus sought me when a stranger,'

'and I think I may adduce, as a sign of my adoption, that as proud and as rebellious a heart as ever beat in human bosom, has been in some measure subdued. I have some relish for spiritual things: I do love the things I once hated, and feel that I can no more live as I did a year ago, than I could a year ago have lived as I do now. Prayer has been heard on my behalf, and I desire that many may glorify God in me.'

I have given this part of our conversation rather than that in which we engaged on her cousin Anna joining us; because it brings into more prominent view, the peculiar structure of her mind, and her habits of thinking; and also

because what followed, had a more direct reference to those inward and spiritual states, which attend upon, and are subsequent to, true conversion to God. We were now summoned to meet our party, and to prepare for the intended OUT.

The drive was as pleasant, as good roads, diversified scenery, and engaging companions could make it : and if the conversation was not so connected and profitable as it might have been, I am bound to acknowledge the fault lay with me. The fact is this : I can never see new and beautiful objects, without being pleased—perhaps delighted ; and if ever I am pleased or delighted myself, I must always be boring other people, to know if they are not so. I know not whether I was unusually annoying on this occasion, but I seldom have enjoyed a ride more.

We arrived in ample time for the public service, and heard with pleasure and profit the Doctor's sermon. Immediately after the service I accompanied the Doctor to the house of a mutual friend, where were waiting several ladies and gentlemen, anxious to be introduced to him.

We were scarcely seated, when a stranger was

announced, as wishing to see Dr. T——. ‘Tell him to walk in,’ was the kind and frank answer of the Doctor. The message was conveyed, and in a few moments he appeared. He was a venerable looking man, dignified in his general deportment, possessing a strikingly benevolent countenance, and his hair as white as wool. Every eye was fixed upon him as he entered, but he noticed not—he moved not to any one. I observed him as he approached. His manly brow was clouded, his well-proportioned frame was agitated, and tears glistened in his eyes. The Doctor arose, and presented his hand, but spake not. The stranger grasped the hand, and said: ‘Doctor, I have called to thank you.’ Here utterance was stifled, and for a moment all was silent. ‘I know not, my friend,’ answered the Doctor, ‘that you owe me any thanks.’ ‘I owe many to you,’ was the reply. ‘Do you remember preaching at W——?’ ‘Very well,’ said the Doctor. ‘And your text?’ ‘Yes, and my text.’ ‘On that occasion, Sir, my son, young and engaging, and dear to us—but dearer now, heard you.’ Here the father’s voice trembled, and the whole company were deeply affected. ‘He heard you,’ continued he, after struggling with violent

emotions, 'and returned home a convinced and enquiring penitent. Subsequently he wished to be united with the people of God, and with this view proposed himself to a Christian society in the neighbourhood. He was gladly and affectionately received ; and was looking forward to the day, when with that church, and by the side of his parents, he hoped to commemorate the sufferings of his Lord and Saviour. That hope was never realized. A few days before the anticipated privilege, he was called away, without warning, and almost without pain, to join, as we hope, " the general assembly and church of the first born." The Doctor was about to *try* to speak, when the stranger said, with an emphasis, and pathos, which no pen can describe : ' For my son I thank you ; his mother would have done the same, had her strength permitted : God bless you.' He waited not for any reply, but departed as he had entered. I leave my readers to judge of the effect.

CHAPTER VII.

IN addition to the services already alluded unto, and which I actually performed, I undertook to relieve, a very aged and venerable minister in the neighbourhood, by preaching for him on the Sunday morning, reserving the afternoon and evening for R——. My friends expressed some anxiety for my health, in the midst of what they called exhausting labours, and by every means in their power, endeavoured to lighten and make them pleasant. I assured them, with so many motives to activity, I could not think of remaining idle; that I was supremely desirous to have associated with the recollection of my visit to R——, the recollection of having conferred some spiritual benefit: and that if to win souls, was the most glorious achievement, it was not too much to

have it constantly in view, and to be continually striving for it.

The sabbath arrived, and brought with it peace and pleasure, rather than labour. At nine o'clock, I set out in company with some friends, and after an hour's ride, arrived at the chapel. It is a plain, commodious building, standing on elevated ground, and so far as I recollect, remote from any house except the parsonage. Attached to it is the lone burying-ground, where slumber the ashes of former generations, and around which wave a number of very ancient and wide-spreading trees. Two of these more particularly attracted my attention. Centuries had passed over them; their trunks were of vast circumference, and partly hollow; their numerous roots were strangely uplifted, and fantastically wreathed. Some of their ponderous limbs were almost sapless and leafless, forming a touching contrast with the quivering foliage, by which they were partly concealed; and as if scathed and shattered by the winged bolt, they creaked their harsh music to the passing breeze.

Crossing a beautiful lawn we came to the aged pastor's residence. It seemed the favourite abode of peace. A simple laid out parterre

adorned the front, a healthy fruit-tree was tastefully trained by the wall, and a kitchen garden was bursting into abundance behind. Observing us from the window, he hastened to meet us at the wicket-gate, where he received us in a truly patriarchal style. After a short delay we proceeded to the sanctuary.

‘You are just entering the field of labour,’ he said, as we slowly passed over the green and almost velvet lawn, ‘I am quitting it; I have the sentence of death in me, and feel that the time of my departure is at hand.’ ‘The exhausted traveller seldom regrets his approach to his family and his home,’ I observed; ‘nor the warrior, the arrival of the hour when his weapons are to be laid down, and his laurels wreathed; less need the believer regret the call that shall remove him to the abodes of the blessed.’ ‘No, no,’ he said, ‘who would regret to enter that place, where the inhabitants shall no more say, we are sick, and where the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities.’ There is much to induce a wish for life, and there is no sin in such a desire properly cherished; but at my time of life, heaven, its rest, and its blessed society, seem the most suitable objects to be longed for. These,’

continued he after pausing and panting for breath, and pointing to his gathering flock,— ‘these are the second generation of men I have served in the ministry in this place; and having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.’ We were now entering the burying-ground, when he with great emphasis said, ‘Here sleep my former friends, and here I shall soon sleep;’ and then taking me by the hand added, ‘May the master of assemblies be with you this morning! may showers of grace and mercy descend!’

His appearance, as he sat in his old-fashioned pew was truly interesting. His person was tall and well-proportioned; his countenance was calm, dignified, and intelligent, and his remaining locks were whitened o’er by age. But it was his devotion that above all distinguished him on that occasion. He seemed for a while lost in prayer, and when he arose, his visage like that of Moses, retained the brightness and lustre of the mount. He joined with great animation in the singing, especially these lines—

‘Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death’s iron gate,
Nor feel the terror as she past.’

Then, his voice swelled into greater compass,

his masculine form became more erect ; and his spirit seemed to glow with celestial fervour. Little did I think as I heard and observed him, that in less than a month, his soul would stretch its wings, and pass those ' gates ' which the spirit of the hymn and that of the venerable worshipper were setting at defiance. But so it was ; for the first communication which I received from my friends in the neighbourhood bore—I had almost said the mournful tidings—but no, the solemn intelligence, that the father of the congregation had entered into rest.

The setting sun is a fine object ; nothing in nature more so. His softened glory—His (apparently) increased magnitude—His tranquil and majestic descent—the splendid theatre of auburn coloured atmosphere, and painted clouds, that receives him, all combine to produce a scene, to which no mind however stupid can be insensible. More sublime and touching still is the death of the saint. I have seen him in his final hour vigorous in faith, animated in hope, and with joy abounding. I have stood by his pillow when the light and rapture within, dispelled the gloom without ; when on the pallid countenance played a smile ; when the dim eye was up-raised to heaven, as if already

favoured with celestial glimpses ; when the faltering tongue and the feeble voice attempted to triumph ; and when as the heart-cords were breaking, and the vital stream was ebbing, and the pulses were ceasing, and all nature softly sinking, the cold pale lips whispered 'glory, glory' ! Such, I am informed, was the end of that devoted pastor. His growing meekness for heaven had long been apparent to all who knew him ; and those about him remarked, that as it is with the great luminary of day, so it was with him—He

'Looked larger at his setting.'

On parting with him, after the morning service, he gave us his blessing, and we saw his face no more.

I fulfilled the other engagements of the day, and on Monday visited by request a gay young man on his death-bed. He had been visited a few times before, but had manifested the greatest reluctance to attend to any exercises, that looked like preparation for his latter end ; indeed as if he was determined to battle with the universal conqueror, and to mock his power, he had ordered but a very short time before an entire suit of clothes, and whenever a former companion called upon him, though that was

seldom at the last, he made arrangements for the far distant future, with as much avidity as if he had been in the bloom and fulness of health. I found him however, a good deal subdued, as was also his young and beautiful sister. I dealt faithfully but kindly with him: read several portions of the Scriptures and offered up prayer, and promising to see him the next day, took my leave.

In the evening I preached my promised sermon to young people, the happy results of which the following extracts from a letter received some months after will show.

‘Do you remember the Misses M—— and F—— who walked a little way with us after your discourse to young people? You will be delighted to hear, that to both you have been made a real blessing. They were, as I think I told you, quite of the ‘bon ton,’ and could scarcely imagine there could be such a thing as real happiness, without the amusements of gay life.’ Well, Sir, your sermon came like a thunderclap to their consciences. They went home, and that very night committed to the flames their cards and I know not what else. But the sequel is still more affecting. They cultivated the acquaintance of pious persons, and furnished

daily and pleasing proofs of "growing in knowledge and in grace." Not many months after, poor Miss M—— became seriously indisposed, and "her sickness was unto death." She died, where for some time she had lived, namely, at the foot of the cross. Dear girl! just as she began to be very pleasant and profitable to us, she was snatched away; but it was, we doubt not, to the "bosom of her Father and her God." Miss J—— subsequently connected herself with the Wesleys, preferring their arrangements and worship to ours; but she is going on well. A most favourable impression has been produced upon others, by that discourse; for instance, Thos. W—— and William R——. I know what you will say on reading these things, and I heartily join you in saying it—"Let God have all the glory."

I need not state, with what thankfulness I received the above information; nor need I apologize for giving facts which cannot fail to show how mysteriously, and yet how surely God works for his own glory, and the accomplishment of his merciful designs. Let no minister excuse himself from labouring, wherever he may be. "He that soweth bountifully, shall also reap bountifully;" and let all re-

member the words of Christ, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

On the morrow, I visited the young man rather early. 'He has been anxiously enquiring for you,' said his distressed mother, and then added, 'O, I doubt it is all over!' I answered, 'there certainly is no hope of his recovery, and I think the sooner you know it the better.' I went to his bed side where sat his sister, pale and exhausted through almost constant watching, and her eyes red with weeping unavailing tears. She arose as I approached, gave me her hand, then covering her face with a white cambric handkerchief, already drenched, burst into an agony of grief. 'You had better retire,' I said softly to her, 'Oh no, no, no, I will stay beside him,' was her reply. I found that an alarming change had taken place—one of those sudden and symptomatic changes, so peculiar to pulmonary consumption, and that he was rapidly sinking. 'You are much worse,' than when I last saw you,' I said. He feebly moved his head and answered, 'Yes.' 'You find it easier to live without religion, than to die without it,' I added. 'I do,' he replied, 'but—I—hope.' 'I urge you, my dear young friend,' I said, 'to be faithful with your own

soul: you are dying, and soon, very soon, your state will be for ever fixed, let me know why you hope.' '“This is a faithful saying,”’ he solemnly and with difficulty uttered, ‘“and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinner”—of whom I am chief. That is my hope, Sir. You told me yesterday, of his willingness and ability—I feel my need of him; *will he cast me out?*’ I answered, ‘Himself says *no.*’ I then briefly pointed out the necessity of a renewed nature, shewed by what agency it must be effected, and requested him to pray fervently for God the Holy Ghost, to prepare him for the services and the enjoyments of heaven. I read the 50th Psalm, and selections from the New Testament, expounding as I proceeded, and closed with prayer, in which he earnestly joined. ‘I shall be here again,’ I said, ‘at one o’clock.’

It may be of use here, to state some particulars respecting the family of this dying youth. His parents were placed in easy circumstances, and were strictly speaking, people of the world. The family consisted of two sons, and as many daughters. The older of the sons was he of whom I now write, and the older of the daughters was she, whom I have

already introduced. The mother was an affable and somewhat engaging lady, but the father had no such recommendations; for besides having a vulgar mind, and being of boorish habits, he was a sot.

At a proper age, young H—— was placed in a situation, any thing but likely, either to form or to improve his morals; consequently, at the age of eighteen, he was quite a gay gentleman. His parents saw nothing amiss in him. Why should they? He gave satisfaction to his master, was a favourite wherever he went; and was rather clever withal. His sister, lively, accomplished, and beautiful as the expanding rose-bud, was bound up in him. Her companions admired him. He was ever kind, and most tender and delicate in his attentions to her: and—‘such a good young man!’ On none of them had a ray of spiritual light fallen, previously to this affliction; they were therefore, ill prepared for the events that were fast coming upon them. But these events I trust, proved so many blessings.

It was in the September of the preceding year, and during the races, that young H—— took cold, from keeping on wet clothes. For some time nothing of an alarming nature ap-

peared; but in the following spring, it was evident to all but the youth and his friends, that disease and death had marked him for their own. The flattering nature of the complaint long buoyed up their spirits; but at length the real state of the case forced itself upon them, and it was soon after this, that I saw him. I will now proceed with an account of his last day on earth.

At one o'clock, I visited him again. He was fast sinking, and unable to articulate. His eyes were partly glazed, his features sharpened, and his frame collapsed. Respiration had become so difficult, that each effort of the lungs was distinctly heard before entering the room. I found the mother and sister standing over him; the latter softly wiping the cold, cold sweat from his almost fixed brow. They *looked* a welcome, but spake not. I went near, and as mildly as possible, addressed the sufferer; asking first if he knew me. He signified by signs that he did. Instead of reading the Scriptures, I repeated a selection of passages, *memoritor*, and again implored the divine mercy and favor for his soul. In leaving, I referred to the beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley,—‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’ when he attempted to say something, which could not be under-

stood. As I left, Miss —— said, ‘ O, will you call again ? ’ I replied, ‘ At five o’clock.’

At the appointed hour, I was there, and it was a solemn, an awful hour. The doctor entered soon after, and taking, or rather *mis*-taking me for one of the faculty, asked me several questions relating to the sufferer. I corrected the error, but answered his queries, and told him, I would accompany him to his dying patient. Our entrance produced violent agitation in the mother and sister, who immediately retired from the bed-side, and took seats in a distant part of the room. We approached, and occupied their stations, remaining until the struggle was over. As soon as the doctor saw him, he said, ‘ Ah ! I can do nothing for him : he is dying : ’ and from that moment our eyes were fixed upon him, until he “ yielded up the ghost.” His respiration was irregular and laborious for a while : then it took place at more distant intervals. Again I saw the heaving of the chest—again, all was motionless and still. I supposed the spirit had fled, and looked inquiringly at the doctor, who intimated, ‘ not yet.’ Remembering, that God heareth prayer always, I, like Nehemiah, lifted up my heart unto Him : ‘ O Lord, sprinkle the paschal

blood upon his departing spirit, and receive it into glory everlasting !' Once more he breathed—heavily—nay, it was a groan ; and his features became slightly convulsed. The doctor laid his hand on the then still heart ; raised it again ; looked at me, and shook his head. I understood him. IT WAS DEATH !

After a short pause, I turned to Miss H. and said, ' You had better leave the room, ma'am, take my arm.' She shrieked, ' Oh, he is gone,' and fell back into her chair. The scene at this moment was truly moving. The mother cried out, ' O, my James,' and made an involuntary rush to the bed, but was gently led back to her seat by the doctor. The younger brother and sister, warned of the event by the piercing lamentings of the mother, entered the room, hastened to her, and throwing their arms around her, added their sorrowful wail to her's ; and almost at the same instant, two or three of the domestics stood by the lifeless corpse weeping, and uttering broken sentences, dictated by affection. I raised Miss H. from her chair, and with difficulty conducted her into an adjoining room : the mother and her distracted children were brought in soon after, and were left clinging to each other, in a paroxysm of grief.

In the course of a quarter of an hour, and while I was yet in the room with the doctor, the bloated father almost *tumbled* in, being in a state of intoxication, so obdurate a wretch was he, and going up to the breathless corpse, looked stupidly at it for a moment, and saying, 'poor Jim,' walked off again. I saw him afterwards, however, with the mourning group, yielding to the impulse of better feelings.

After the first burst of grief had partly subsided, I joined the weeping family, and said, 'I should not like to take my leave after such a scene, without solemn prayer.' This was readily complied with, even the father expressed a wish for it, after which I bade them farewell.

It was nearly a year after that I had an opportunity, by turning a little out of my way, of spending one night and part of the next day with my friends in that place. Soon after my arrival I was informed that Miss H. the older sister of James, whose death I had witnessed, was on the verge of eternity, if she had not already entered. 'Little time though I have,' I said, 'I will go and see her.' I was immediately recognised by the afflicted mother, who said on meeting me, 'We did not know that you were in the neighbourhood, else how glad

we should have been to see you sooner. Oh, Sir, all my sorrows are likely to be renewed. My Anne,' here tears choked her utterance, 'My Anne is going just as dear James did. She will be glad of your visit, but I must apprise her of it, she is too weak to bear sudden excitement.' She waited not for my remark or reply, but hastened to prepare the way for my visit to the sick chamber.

I was engaged in examining a faded flower that had recently bloomed in the *parterre* fronting the house, when she returned and said, 'Anne is ready to see you.' I proceeded to her chamber, into which the declining sun was pouring his mild and golden rays, and around whose windows were entwined the honey-suckle and the rose. She was reclining on a couch, her head supported by pillows, and her slender and elegant form adorned with a loose flowing robe of the purest white. On her work-table lay an open Bible, and a selection of sacred poetry; and on the mantel were the labelled bottle, and the table-spoon. The bloom had left her cheek, and the glowing hectic was there. The fire of youthful animation had left her eye, and the languid look was there. The brightness of health had left her brow, and the

deepening shadows of the tomb were there. Yet never was she so lovely. To me she appeared, like a beauteous star, shining to its setting; not to be quenched, but to blaze forth with unfading lustre in other spheres, and among other luminaries.

‘I little thought to see you thus,’ I said, as I pressed her thin and burning hand, ‘but you know where it is written, “My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.” I hope you are fully acquainted with your state, and have “fled for refuge to the hope set before you.” ‘I am quite aware of my state,’ she replied, ‘and trust I have entered by faith into that refuge;’ and then added, with the most touching emphasis,

‘Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.’

‘The sinner is safe beneath the cross,’ I remarked, ‘and no where else.’ ‘No where else,’ she replied, and then after a pause continued,

‘O, the sweet wonders of the cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died,
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.’

At this moment the faded lustre of her eye seemed to be relumed, her countenance kindled

into joy, and for a while the enraptured spirit triumphed over its enfeebled tenement.

‘You saw my brother die,’ she said, ‘and soothed us, the survivors in our agony of grief. His death, Sir, has been my life; and as I trust he found mercy of the Lord, I shall now soon meet him again: but what is more, I shall soon meet Him who has been better to me than all brothers—than all worlds could be.’ ‘Our anticipations of heaven,’ I remarked, ‘cannot be too ardent, nor expansive. Scripture has employed every mode of expression on the subject, and then assures us, that we know but little of it after all. It is “a kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world:” it is “life everlasting:” it is a “father’s house:” it is a being “present with the Lord:” it is a “better and an enduring substance.” John, you know,’ I continued, ‘exhibits it as a state of perfect vision, and in a strain more lofty than ordinary mortals dare attempt, celebrates its everlasting glories, its perpetual bliss; “therefore,” says he, in speaking of the saints, “therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb

which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." 'What a prospect!' she exclaimed. 'How full of glory!' 'Yes,' I replied, and all this for ever!' 'Yes, for ever,' she responded; and after a moment's pause added, 'What a contrast to the present world!' I felt almost afraid to interrupt her, at this moment, by any remark of my own. She was evidently pursuing a train of thought, and yielding to an impulse of feeling, the most exalted and delightful. The recollection of that scene, is at this hour, a truce to all sublunary cares, concerns, or pleasures. In the retrospect I seem to resemble some traveller, who while the shadows of evening insensibly fall upon him, looks back on the country through which he has passed, and is held in fixed delight, by yonder waving upland, yet shining in the sun's last beams. Years have passed since I sat by that dying couch—since I gazed upon that almost heavenly figure; yet, *not* so have passed the impressions produced, nor the sentiments awakened. It was good to be there.

At length I said, 'Are you afraid of death?' 'Not of death,' was the mild reply; 'but

I sometimes shudder at the thoughts of *dying*.'

'The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away.'

'The dying strife,' she continued, 'occasionally startles me; but it is not lasting. I think of my Saviour's dying,—*O that was dying!* and I know, that he can make my death as easy, and my couch as soft, as are my sweetest slumbers, or my nightly bed.' I reminded her of several passages, and promises, calculated to animate her in the solemn prospect, and spoke of the rapturous amaze, with which a disembodied spirit will first look round on eternal realities. 'Yes,' she observed, 'that sometimes overwhelms me. What an assembly will be there! All the saved from Abel downwards; and the innumerable company of angels!' and then added, 'but above all, the infinite Three-one. I've no conception of those things; but I shall see, as I am seen, and know even as I am known.'

Conversation thus continued for some time, the dear sufferer prolonging it, by proposing some question, or making some pertinent remark, that led to further discourse. Fearing she might suffer from too much exhaustion, I

proposed to close my visit by a short exposition, and prayer, promising to see her in the morning previously to my departure.

The morning came, and I hastened to fulfil my willing engagement. But alas, it was too late. As I approached the house, I perceived in every window the solemn curtained tokens, of what had taken place. ‘Is it possible,’ said I, my quivering heart almost failing me—‘Is it possible that death can have come up into these windows so soon?’ I rapt with instinctive hesitation and gentleness. A sorrowing friend opened to me, and bade me enter. ‘It is rather early,’ I said, ‘to visit an invalid, but I am about to leave, and I wish to spend a little more time with Miss H——. I promised to do so.’ I scarcely knew why I said this, for I could no longer question the event: perhaps I was unwilling to seem to know it. The attendant convulsively cried out, ‘*Oh, Sir!*’—— and after a burst of grief, said, ‘Would you wish to see the dear creature?’ An answer to such a question was unnecessary, indeed she waited not for one, but moved slowly up the stairs, signifying that I was to follow. I did so, and soon entered the room, which the evening before, had been lighted up, more by her sweet

and heavenly countenance, than by the richest tints of the setting sun. But how altered ! how still ! how death-like ! The couch was vacant, the Bible was closed, the table removed ; while a profusion of snowy drapery hung from the walls, and surrounded the bed on which the lifeless form lay. I went near ; it was holy ground. Thence a redeemed spirit had recently winged its rapturous flight ; and there a redeemed body softly slept. I removed with my own hand, the covering spread over the unconscious face, and gazed—and wept. Never did I see death in a fairer form. Her hair was beautifully braided, and simply arranged, so as to leave bare her finely formed but fixed brow, and on her pillow were scattered a few of the loveliest flowers. While I bended over her, I could not refrain from quoting the touching lines of Edmeston, to the memory of a beloved sister :

‘ Thy cheek is fixed, thy brow is bare,
Thy lips are pale, thine eye is faded :
Yet never seemed that face so fair
Though bowered in locks that fancy braided ;
Thy grief, thy bitterness is o’er,
Pardoned thy sin, and healed thy sorrow ;
And not a cloud shall hover more
Across thine everlasting morrow.’

She had ruptured a blood-vessel early in the

morning, which terminated her earthly existence in a very short time, but without much pain. I saw the heart-broken mother, prayed with her, and her remaining children, and with peculiar emotions, bade them adieu.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR the sake of connection, the last chapter was carried beyond the time of my first visit to K——. I will now resume the narrative, from which I was induced to depart, that the scenes above described, might not be forgotten by myself, nor lost to others.

‘I am going,’ said Mary, on the morning after young H——’s death, ‘to visit a somewhat ancient and eccentric aunt, and you must go with me,—if you please, I ought to have said. We will call upon Miss Emma in our way, who will enliven you a little, for I perceive you are on a low key; and I dare say we shall have a prelection on phrenology from her.’

Mary was correct. I. was suffering from depression of spirits, a depression easily accounted for, by such as know any thing of great mental excitement. The scenes of the preceding day had been more than enough

to act powerfully on my susceptibility, and now I was suffering from painful reaction. I answered Mary by saying, 'Real friendship needs not to deal much in forms and phrases; your 'must go' was far more musical than a dozen simpering reiterations of 'if you please.' I shall cheerfully accompany you, and as I confess, I am sometimes weak enough to be on a low key, the prelection of Miss Emma, and your annotations upon it, may have, indeed I doubt not *will* have, the effect of rousing me.' 'Thank you,' said Mary, 'for your good opinion of our talents; but I must tell you, that old aunt can act Diogenes, very well when she likes. We shall probably find her with some huge volume of Calvin, or Toplady's, or may be Huntingdon's works upon the table, perhaps on her knee; and not unlikely she will give you some *hints* on preaching, and lecture us for not dressing with the decent elegance as she calls it, of less corrupt times.' 'Your aunt then lived in better days, I suppose,' was my remark. 'O yes,' Mary replied, 'that she did: she thinks the world is fast going to ruin; and spends half of her time in mourning over the present back-sliding generation; but that which affects her most, is the sad lack of good old-fashioned

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orthodox preaching. What we call practical she calls *legal*, and she has chewed that word so often over, and associated it with such ideas in her own mind, that I believe she hates the very letters, of which it is composed. O if any artist wished to draw a personification of antinomianism,—what a long word, my ancient aunt should sit for the picture!’ ‘You are rather hard upon her,’ I observed, ‘pray under what ministry does she sit?’ ‘She attends where we do,’ Mary answered, ‘when she attends at all ; but our minister is not strong enough for her ; for when I inquired one Monday morning what had got her on the preceding day, she said, ‘Why I was not very well—but the truth is, I can get more food from the writings of blessed Mr. Huntingdon,’ and she gives such expression to the word *blessed* and *Mr. Huntingdon*, ‘than from all your modern sermons put together. The last time I heard your minister, there was so much about what we ought to do, and what we must do, that I was sickened—there was no food, no food!’ ‘But the food that would satisfy you, aunt,’ I said, ‘would perhaps poison half of the congregation.’ This was too much for her meekness and patience. I had gone too far. ‘Umph,’ she cried. Off came her spec-

tacles, up she got, and saying, 'Betty, I am only going to walk in the garden, if any one should want me,' left me to my own meditations.

'Did you see her again,' I inquired. 'The next time I saw her,' answered Mary, 'was in the vestry, after we had been blessed with a most furious sermon from a stranger, against free will and the general offer of the gospel to sinners. When I entered with another young lady, on school business, she was holding the preacher's hand betwixt her's, looking him most expressively in the face, and saying, 'Ah, Sir, you have delivered your soul; these are blessed truths; no milk and water this! I wonder what our free-willers would say to this.' Then turning to me said, 'I hope you are not poisoned, Mary!' 'I've got a good constitution, Ma'am,' was my answer. The stranger looked at me inquisitively, but aunt soon secured his attention again, by saying in a tone denoting unmixed satisfaction, 'Now you must favour me by coming to take breakfast in the morning—I shall be so glad.' 'Did he go?' 'O I suppose so,' was the reply, 'for their souls were wonderfully knit together.'

I felt as if already introduced to the old lady and her favourite authors. I had met with such

before ; and having seen one of her school, a person need be at no great loss touching the whole. There is something extremely disgusting to a well-regulated mind in the cant and coarseness of the antinomian. And besides the paucity of his ideas, and his continual ringing of changes upon a few words ill understood, there is a pride and an exclusiveness not surpassed by the most self-complacent pharisee ; and an insolence that would be intolerable in any one, but is a thousand times more so, in a professed disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus.

We set out upon our intended visit, and called upon Miss E——, who accompanied us. On arriving at the front of the house, we found Betty making certain arrangements among the plants, who cried out when she saw Mary, ‘La, Miss, you did so offend your aunt the last time you were here ; that word *poison* she has had over and over again ; and once as she was reading in one of them there big books, she said to herself, ‘That young impudence ! *poison* indeed !’ ‘Ah, now,’ said Miss Emma, ‘some precious morsel in old father Huntingdon had reminded her of your profane rejection of the marrow and fatness ; but never mind, ‘*young impudence*,’ move on, we’re three to one this time.’

‘You know your way,’ said Betty, as the ladies passed into the house, ‘you will find Mrs. in the back parlour.’ ‘Reading no doubt,’ remarked Emma. ‘Yes,’ replied Betty, ‘I think she is; but you needn’t mind that, step in.’ Emma gently tapt the door, on which the old lady said, ‘Come in.’ ‘Its only I,’ observed Emma, but immediately added, ‘O yes, more, for we have brought a friend to see you, Mr. S——, a minister.’ ‘I’m always glad to see ministers, you know,’ she said, ‘if of the right sort;’ then rising and giving me her hand, added, ‘you are not all of the right sort, Sir.’ ‘I am quite aware of that,’ was my reply. ‘How fond you are of ancient books, aunt,’ observed Mary, as she eyed a large volume, that lay open on the table. ‘Indeed I am *my dear*,’ as if she had forgotten the poison. ‘I wish that old books, at least such as these, were more generally liked; it would be a great deal better both for the pulpit and the pew:’ and then added, in a style and manner truly characteristic, ‘The day of great and sound writers and preachers seems to have gone by; the wine is now mixed with water.’ ‘Perhaps Ma’am,’ I said, a more extensive acquaintance with modern publications would at least modify your views

on this subject ; we should not close our eyes, and then say the sun does not shine. May I ask what author you are now perusing?' 'It is,' she answered, laying her hand at the same time upon the volume, 'a work by the blessed Mr. Huntingdon, called the 'Bank of Faith.' Have you read it, Sir?' 'No, Ma'am, I never read a page of his in my life,' was my reply. 'You never—what did ye say? ye never read a page of his! I mean the great William Huntingdon, who, dear man, used in his great humility, and for the glory of God, to call himself the 'coal heaver;' surely you must have read his writings!' 'Not a word of them,' I replied. 'Not a word of them,' she repeated, clasping her hands, and turning up her eyes to—I had almost said heaven—the ceiling.' 'But you *have* read Mr. Toplady.' 'One or two of his sermons, and many of his hymns,' was my answer. 'Not his writings in defence of the truth, against the shocking doctrine of the Wesleys?' she asked with great impetuosity. 'No,' I said, 'I don't like to waste time. I love the doctrines of the Bible, as I find them in the Bible; and I question whether the controversy about election and non-election, especially as conducted by Messrs. Wesley and Toplady,

great men though they were, can be called writing in defence of the truth.' 'Wesley a great man!' she exclaimed. 'Yes, and a good man,' was my reply.' 'What, the man who preached up free will, and that Christ died for all, and that God's dear children may fall away again, and that man has something to do in his own salvation—that a *great* and *good* man!' she reiterated: 'why, Sir, it's no wonder that Arminianism spreads, when such as you hold up its greatest champions as great and good men.' 'But you admit,' said Emma, 'that they may be in heaven.' 'There is a kind of fashionable charity in the world now that I don't like,' she coldly answered; 'but I never understood how work-mongers could get to heaven.' 'The men of whom I speak, never made works the ground or meritorious cause of salvation,' I observed. 'That is a favourite gloss,' she replied, and then added, 'Why cannot men preach free grace at once? its hardly ever mentioned. All is work, work, work, and God's dear children are fed with husks, instead of the rich and savory food of the covenant.' 'The gospel is addressed to all,' I said, 'and its provisions are adapted to all cases, states, and characters. Let sinners have

their share ; and let the convinced have theirs, and let the fearful and weak have their's, and so of the rest. Christ omitted none, nor did the Apostles. He is the best preacher, and the most likely to convert souls, who declares ALL the truth.' ' The conversion of souls is God's work,' she remarked. ' He will take care to bring his elect in, when *his* time comes. Let the Gospel be preached before sinners, as an ordinance, but not to them. I heard,' continued she, ' a blessed sermon from a remarkable text, some time ago ; none of your manufactured parsons could have preached such a one ; stop—I'll look for the short notes I took—the text was the eighth commandment, " Thou shalt not steal." ' A good text,' I observed. ' Yes, Sir ; but you cannot think how he opened it up, I'm afraid you would not have handled it so.' ' Well Ma'am,' I said, ' I shall not violate the spirit of the text by stealing the sermon,' I dare say. She understood the hint, and seemed for some moments at a loss, whether to produce the precious reminiscences or not ; but after a little hesitation, said, ' O here are the notes. Well—after an introduction against legal preaching, and on the importance of spiritually discerning the meaning of the Scrip-

tures, the minister observed, 1st, The person speaking: God the Father. 2ndly, The person spoken to: Christ Jesus. 3rdly, The subject spoken of: the transactions of the blessed covenant. 'The Father,' observed the minister, 'made over to the Son, a certain number, called his elect, on condition that the Son should pay for every one of them, the exact price which the justice of God required, and beyond that number the Son was not to go, not another of the fallen race was he to think of, or look after.' 'On these subjects,' she continued, 'he dwelt with an unction, and a power, which I shall never forget.'

'And do you call that the preaching of the gospel?' I asked. 'Where in all the New Testament do you find any thing like it? I am thankful, Madam,' I said with more than usual emphasis, 'that a rigid adherence to scriptural language, and scriptural rules, in all deep and doctrinal questions, has preserved me from the errors both of the head and the heart, into which I think you have fallen. I believe you are sincere, but know you are mistaken.'

This did not offend her, or at least if offended, she took care not to discover it; for as we were preparing to take our departure, she said,

‘ You must have a glass of wine with me.’
‘ But what,’ said Miss Emma, in her usual lively style, ‘ if our friend be a tee-totaler?’
‘ A what?’ exclaimed the old lady, ‘ out upon the heretics! do they know better than Jesus Christ! come, Betty, set out the wine.’ ‘ Well, she believes in one *good work*,’ I whispered to Mary, as the aunt was hunting after some biscuits, which had been put out of the way.
‘ Her practice is often better than her doctrine,’ replied Mary archly: ‘ at least its so this morning.’ I drank her health: Mary praised her wine, and Miss Emma, after pitying from her very heart the ‘ poor creatures’ that live upon water, except when they drink wine privately, told her, how much she had enjoyed the hour, and asked leave to cull a boquet. Leave was granted, of course; and the boquet plucked. After which we returned home, Miss E —— having agreed to dine with us.

‘ If there be any truth in phrenology,’ said Mary, as she deliberately extracted the remaining part of the stalk from a large strawberry, ‘ I should like to have the head of old Aunt examined.’ ‘ What an idea!’ exclaimed the mother. ‘ O a very good idea,’ interposed Miss Emma; ‘ she would make a capital subject.’

‘ But how do you secure her? ’ asked Mr. F—— an intelligent friend who had joined the party. ‘ I can only conceive one way, ’ replied Miss Emma, ‘ that is by taking her, when lost in sweet meditation on blessed Mr. Huntingdon’s works. ’ ‘ That’s too bad, ’ remarked Mrs. G——, gravely. ‘ Well then I beg her pardon, ’ said Emma, and turning to me, wished to know my views on the *new* science. I stated that I had arrived at no positive conclusions on the subject ; that while there was much that was plausible, there was also much that seemed to me untenable ; that there was not only, not a sufficient number of facts on which to establish a system, but that the facts so commonly adduced were not sufficiently made out ; that if I understood it aright, it appeared to me destructive of human accountability ; and finally I could not but consider it verging on materialism. ‘ These are serious objections, ’ said Mr. F—— ‘ if they really can be substantiated ; but I submit whether they do not exist in [your mind, rather than in truth and reality. ’ ‘ I shall be very glad to be delivered from error on this, as on any other subject, ’ I remarked ; ‘ but if I am in mental powers, and in disposition and temper, according as the shape of my head may

be, I am certainly irresponsible ; for I can no more help the shape of my head, than I can change the colour of my hair : and further I have often observed, how easily individuals have passed from the modern phrenology to the doctrine of a material thinking substance. This you know is absolutely anti-scriptural.'

'The abuse of a doctrine,' said Mr. F——, 'as you are aware, proves nothing more than the perversity of human nature ; it affects not the doctrine itself.' 'True, but the *tendency* of a doctrine may be legitimately adduced in argument,' I replied ; 'and so far as I have had an opportunity of making observations, I have seen very little to impress me favourably.' 'The science is yet in its infancy,' he remarked, 'and must necessarily be capable of very great improvements. Probably, future investigations may not only furnish a much more extensive induction of facts, but discover principles less repugnant, than those, on which you think it is now based.' 'But it is such an interesting study,' said Miss Emma, 'and really Sir, you must admit, there is some truth in it.' 'I readily admit,' I answered, 'that the operations of mind may have considerable influence on the material organ through which it acts ; and

that as its various powers are called forth, or its various dispositions indulged, there may be various conformations produced agreeably thereto. If this principle were recognized, as the basis of phrenology, and if the inquiries of phrenology were constantly regulated by it, I should feel little hesitation in avowing myself one of her disciples ; but I know phrenologists are not content with this.' 'Excellent,' cried Miss Emma, 'then there is something in it after all! Well, I am so glad: but one thing does annoy me I confess,' continued she, 'I am so apt to examine heads, when I should be listening to sermons!' This was candid enough, and would have provoked a hearty laugh, but Mrs. G—— was so shocked, and I continued so grave!

An allusion made by Mr. F. introduced a most animated discussion on the immateriality of the soul, and by a very natural and easy transition to that of every thinking principle. I had maintained in opposition to Mr. F.'s imposing arguments, that thought is an attribute of that essence which is called mind, as contradistinguished from that essence which we call matter; that thought has never been found in matter, however formed or modified; in proof

of which, I said, that air, heat, and light approximate no nearer to thought, than stones, lead or iron; that to argue for the materiality of a reasoning, reflecting substance is as unphilosophical, as it is unscriptural, inasmuch as we have not the least evidence of it, but abundant evidence to the contrary; and that by admitting two distinct principles, each the subject of a distinct class of phenomena, we not only avoided innumerable absurdities, but attain to much more lofty and sublime conceptions, not only of nature, but of 'nature's God.'

'But I conceive,' said Mr. F——, 'your principles if carried out, would involve strange conclusions. You must not stop at man, but descend to the lower animals; for they evidently exercise thought.' 'I feel no reluctance,' I said, 'to avow my full conviction of the fact, that *wherever there is thought in any degree, there is something beyond, and distinct from matter*: and as there is an ascending scale in the world of mind, from man up to the highest intelligences before the throne, so there may be a descending scale in the world of mind from man down to a point beyond the ken of our observation.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'If that substance which we call matter, admits of almost

infinite modifications, and can exist in an almost infinite variety of states, why not that substance which we call mind, admit of as many modifications, and exist in as many states ?'

'Then,' said Mary somewhat startled, 'you make the lower animals immortal!' I answered, 'Neither matter nor mind is *essentially* immortal. Whether either will be finally destroyed or not, I do not at present enquire; but state that we are immortal merely because God hath constituted us so; and if it be his will, and for his glory, he can as easily confer that attribute on other classes of his creatures.' 'That is to me,' said Emma, 'quite a new thought: I will treasure it up.' 'It is worth all the attention you can bestow upon it,' observed Mr. F——; 'and will be a good mental exercise for you.'

A message was at this moment delivered, which deprived us of the company of this talented and engaging young gentleman. He was the youngest of several brothers; nearly related to the family with which I was visiting, and quite their favorite. Nor was it among them alone; he was received in various circles with more than ordinary regard. His extensive knowledge, his various conversational powers,

his lively wit, and withal his free and easy deportment, peculiarly filled him for society—at once securing to him all its pleasures and advantages, and exposing him to not a few of its dangers. I saw him no more, nor was he long spared to his friends. His sun went down while it was yet noon, and went down in darkness.

My visit was now drawing to a close. It had been pleasant and profitable to me, and I trust to others; and supplied much for happy reflection, and lasting gratitude to the God of mercy and grace. No day had been wasted, but spent, either publicly or privately in giving and receiving benefits. New friendships had been formed; additional sources of pleasure had been opened up: fresh claims of Christian sympathy and love had been established; and many affecting circumstances had transpired, to bind, as with so many tender links, *that part* of the past, with all the future. From that time, places whose names I knew not three weeks before, became dear to me; while with them, were, and are, and ever will be associated, the most hallowed recollections of much-loved persons, and deeply touching scenes.

I remember, with no ordinary feelings, the

last time we assembled in the breakfast-room. It was early, but not too early; for the sun was up, and we all seemed to have so much to say; and yet we could say nothing! at least nothing to purpose. It was impossible to conceal from each other, how reluctantly we met that hour; and how much the necessity laid upon us to meet it, affected us. 'We shall not soon forget this visit,' said Mrs. G——. 'I trust it will not be forgotten by any of us,' I replied. Then all was silence again. 'You will write us a long letter,' said Mary: 'a general epistle,' added Miss Emma. 'I certainly shall,' I answered. There was another pause. I took out my watch, looked at it; laid it on the table, and made some observation, without point, and of no importance. 'However separated in body,' said Mrs. G——, 'we can always meet in spirit before a throne of grace.' 'That is the grand centre of souls,' I replied,—looking at my watch again. 'Your time is nearly up,' observed Mr. G——, 'you must spend a few moments with us in prayer.' 'It is the best way to part,' responded I. The company kneeled devoutly around the table, while I presented our parting petitions. On rising we found the carriage waiting, which was to convey me to

C——, where I expected to meet the mail. Three of my young friends, who I saw, were attired for a morning ride, proposed to accompany me to the mail. 'It is only a pleasant drive,' said they. 'I shall be most happy of your company,' I answered; and receiving an affectionate benediction from the parents, and impressing a kiss upon the tearful faces of the younger branches of the family, I hastened from the room. The morning was beautiful; we drove deliberately, and arrived at C——, in good time for the mail. Here, with feelings too sacred for utterance, we bade farewell.

Who has not felt the desolation that comes over the spirit, after parting from friends? Such I experienced that morning, and throwing myself back in the coach, yielded myself to emotions, which I neither desired nor had it in my power to suppress.

The message which called Mr. F—— away from our company as noticed above, was not on business; at least he had given no intimation of the kind to his brother, nor to any in the office. When therefore after the lapse of a day and a night, no account could be given of him, no little anxiety was felt. There could be nothing dishonourable in any thing he did. On

that head all were satisfied. He was no less distinguished for moral elevation of feeling than for intellectual superiority. But where could he be? What could have induced him to act a part, in giving uneasiness to his friends, which he had never acted before, and which he seemed incapable of acting? To these queries no answer could be given. His warbrobe was examined; nothing was missing, nothing deranged. His sitting and bed rooms were examined; all was orderly and right. His desk in the counting-house was inspected; every thing was as usual. Where *could* he be? What *could* be the reason? While the family and friends were anxiously asking these questions, and alternately yielding to hope and despair, a rumour reached them, but it was only a rumour, that several young gentlemen, his companions, were missing. 'I will know the truth,' said Mr. R——, a senior brother; and with that he left the distressed group. *It was true*; and in addition he learned, that for some time previously, arrangements had been made for visiting by water, a favourite resort in the summer season; that the time was finally decided upon, on the evening of the day when he left the party of friends; and that towards the close of the day

following, two white sails were seen in that direction, as if struggling with contrary winds. 'It is no use,' said he solemnly, 'hiding these things from you.'

Dismay filled every bosom; trembling took hold of them. Other relations presently joined them, but one scarcely spoke to the other. In less than an hour, a messenger arrived, bearing a drenched hat, which had been found on W—— Sands. 'Oh let me see it,' cried Mary, springing violently forward. She seized it—looked for a moment—uttered a loud, wild, convulsive shriek, and fell senseless to the ground. It was her uncle's. He *was* drowned, and beside him, *ten* more!

CHAPTER IX.

SUCH were some of the results of the morning services of a day to be remembered. After taking refreshment, and spending a little time with a few friends who had surrounded me to bid farewell, I accompanied my silent guide to the 'Cottage among the Mountains.' The sight which the valley presented as I rode along was peculiarly interesting; its scattered and lowly cottages, its smiling meadows, its glassy meandering rills, and its more affluent stream, over all which, the sun was shedding his brightest beams, were objects worthy of an artist's notice and admiration, and would have furnished outlines of no cold or inanimate picture.

But there was a moral scene presented of still higher claims to my observation, and still more calculated to awaken my delight. It was the

gathering together of the plainly attired, and simple hearted inhabitants to worship. Wherever the eye wandered, whether up the mountain's sides, or across the fields, or along the high road, there groups were seen, slowly and decently directing their steps to the humble place of meeting. I did not witness one instance of rudeness or unbecoming levity. I observed as I passed several of them, that they were in close conversation, and I hoped it might be such as was befitting the day, and the occasion; indeed from the gravity of their demeanour, and other circumstances, I could not doubt it. Three or four we met, with milk-pails perched upon their heads, and walking with a hurried step homeward. Those I afterwards recognized among the congregation; they came in late, but it was evident they had come as soon as they could.

On arriving, I found many already assembled, Martha in high spirits, and her companions in labour finishing a very brief outline of a report for my use. I have often read with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, of congregations worshipping in open fields, by the side of peaceful streams, beneath the shadow of ancient forest-trees, or among the green grass, and

sweet but simple flowers of some sloping bank ; and have wished, O yes ! panted for such sights and such scenes. Here was one presented, if not exact in all its particulars, yet near of kin. The shadow of a lofty mountain fell upon us ; woods waved their leafy and shining branches ; brooks mingled with the hum of sportive insects their soothing ripple ; and the spirit of nature seemed every where to breathe, and every where to be felt. Such be the temple of my choice ! especially when, as on the present occasion, the true worshippers are those who worship God in spirit and in truth.

The interest excited in the minds of the people, by the reference to the Sunday Schools and Tract Society was great and lively. Parents and children, old and young, were obviously affected ; but none more so, perhaps none so much as Miss W——. I forget at this moment the exact number of children then being taught, but I know it was considerable ; and I have a most vivid recollection of having had introduced to my notice several young women of more than ordinary promise, and who owed all they then were in character and attainments to the school. It requires little reflection to discover the vast importance of a well-educated female popula-

tion. The mother almost always has the forming of the infant mind, and the youthful character committed to her, indeed to an extent that few have ever taken the trouble to understand or know. The father seldom has time, even if he were qualified and disposed to attend so constantly and so tenderly to his offspring as is necessary. This devolves upon the softer sex; and what can be expected from a mother, dark in her understanding, unbridled in her temper, and perhaps brutish in her tastes, habits, and manners? It was with peculiar satisfaction therefore that I saw those delightful instances of Miss W——'s usefulness; and had it in my power to congratulate her, and those who seemed to revolve round her, like so many satellites, on the benefit they had been, and were still bestowing on society. *Of all despicable characters, he who lives to himself is the most despicable.*

As that Sabbath opened, so it closed, in peace—nay more than peace, in holy joy! After the services of the evening were concluded, a number of the neighbours remained, and kept up a lively conversation, during which I had an additional opportunity of marking the transforming and modifying power of the Gospel of Christ.

It was pleasant, exhausted though I was, to contrast the homely exterior of those "dwellers in the vale, and on the mountain tops," with the true elevation of the divinely illuminated spirit within; and to listen to them, while conversing in their peculiarly expressive and simple manner, on the great things of God and the soul. Through the whole of that district they address each other by their Christian names; these often contracted, or greatly altered. The following short dialogue will furnish an example.

W——. 'Wya Betty, ah whoap we knaw summit, o' this joyful soound.' B . 'Ah, trust w' dea Willy: its been my cumfurt this monny a day. How d'ye feel yersel t'neet Tommy?' T——. 'Thank ye Betty, nut varra weel, but ye see ah cudn't think o' missing sich an opportunity: ye knaw we ha'nt ower monny o' them—but hoosumiver let's be thankful fur thur w' ha'.' W——. 'Dunn't ye think thur Sunday-skuils a wunderful blissing, Matty?' M——. 'A! that ah dea Willy: what gude tha've dune! What privileges young folks ha' noo-a-days!' T——. 'Ye seam nobbit puirly t'neet Joan, ah think.' J——. 'Ah's nut varra weel, a'll asseer ye: a've been plagy short i' me breathing these last twee or three days, but

henn't fund it sea mitch sin ah com in.' M——.
'Ye and me munn't expect to be varra free fra
pains and ailings at oor time o' life, Joan: but
if we nobbit git tiv hiv'n, we knaw there's nea
pain thear.' J——.' 'A! Matty, that's t' grand
consarn: we've seen monny changes in oor
taime, and sannut see monny maire; but we're
leaving things a vast bettur than they wur sin
ah remember. Its bean w' us as t' Scripture
says, "In the evening time it shall be light."'
This touching allusion to their advanced ages,
and the happy changes that had taken place,
and which was rendered doubly impressive by
the feebleness of the hoary speaker, and his
attitude, which was that of leaning upon the top
of his staff, was responded to by Matty, and one
or two more. 'You can say, my friends,' I
observed, 'that though the outward man perish-
eth, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.'
'I whoap we can sur,' said John, raising his
bended form, and looking earnestly at me, ad-
ding, "as dying, and behold we live." With
this he rose slowly from his seat, thus apologiz-
ing for breaking up the company—'Ah mun
gang, fur ah left me auld woman be hersel: she
said *she* cudn't cum; but she wouldn't hinner
me.' On giving him my hand, he planted his

staff firmly on the floor, and resting himself upon it, looked me again in the face and said— ‘Weel, the Lord be we’ ye;’ ‘and with thy spirit,’ I responded. ‘We sannut meet ony mair on yearth,’ he solemnly added, ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘if we only meet in heaven, that will make up for all.’ ‘It will, it will,’ said he, and giving me another shake of the hand, took his departure.

The following day brought the much wished for opportunity of collecting the most interesting and instructive particulars touching the religious history of the family in the cottage, especially that of its deaf and dumb members. I regret that I did not take more extended notes at the time, but I wished to avoid as much as possible the appearance of formality, lest it should prevent that freeness and ease of communication, which are always a chief excellence and beauty in the relation of facts. Martha’s account of the introduction of religion into the family, and of religious means into the neighbourhood corresponded in all its principal points, with that which I have already given. I shall therefore proceed to a subsequent part of the narrative.

The brothers, who were remarkably strong

and active, were put to suitable trades, and after the terms of their apprenticeship had been fulfilled, they commenced business, each for himself, in their father's house; and being superior workmen, soon formed a respectable connection. Any thing mechanical they acquired with extraordinary facility; but some things they never could acquire at all, at least in no degree of perfection. Among these was the regular method of keeping accounts; consequently that duty devolved upon the father while he lived, and subsequently upon their devoted sister, Martha. The readiness, I had almost said fluency, with which they conversed by signs, often astonished me. After witnessing a long and greatly varied conversation of this kind, one of the days I was there, it occurred to me, that possibly they might be taught to read; at least to understand the characters of the alphabet, and what is meant by the various combinations of these characters. Martha had anticipated me, and after repeated attempts found that very little could be done of any practical importance. She succeeded so far, with her older brother, as to make him understand, that a certain combination of letters was the name of some certain thing existing: for instance, wherever he saw the letters LORD or

GOD, or any of the names of Deity, he knew what was thereby signified: and so of any of the official names of Christ, or of the blessed Spirit. Many of the adjectives also, as denoting qualities, he understood in the same way. *Good*, he knew was expressive of something to be approved; and *bad*, of something to be disliked, and turned away from. I employ these definitions because I saw him EXPRESS THEM. Many of the common verbs were likewise familiar to him; but most of the connectives, and disjunctives in our language, were utterly and hopelessly unintelligible to him. They conveyed no meaning, they suggested no idea to *his* mind.

The progress which he made, was however of use to him, and after his conversion, proved a frequent source and means of relief and gratification. He not only learned so much of the meaning of certain combinations of letters, but also to write a plain manly hand; and when unfavourable weather, or other circumstances detained him from a place of worship, such was his regard for, nay his love to the Scriptures, *as the word of God*, that he generally employed the day, in transcribing one passage after another, until he had filled, as I have seen, one sheet or more of large foolscap. One of these

sheets, and so filled, has been in my possession for several years. One circumstance connected with this exercise is peculiarly worthy of notice, namely, whenever in his transcribing he met with any of the names of God, he was evidently filled with awe. Sometimes when the name of Christ occurred, he would look up to heaven, clasp his hands, and utter peculiar sounds. On more than one occasion, his aged mother and his sister were greatly affected by observing this.

In speaking of his conversion, his sister felt considerable embarrassment. She had no hesitation in ascribing it to sovereign interposition ; but as to the means she knew not what to say. Ordinary means could not be to him, what they generally are to others. He witnessed the dispensation of gospel ordinances, and to a certain extent had them explained to him ; but the utmost that could be done in that respect, was necessarily very defective. Let us not however, limit the Holy One of Israel. He who reaches the heart through the medium of the ear, can as easily reach it through the medium of the eye ; and while these deaf and dumb persons witnessed the devotions of the rural congregations, or the more private exercises of

their spiritually-minded sister, it is not too much to believe, that the great and good SPIRIT, so applied what they saw, as well as what was communicated to them by signs, as to render it effectual to sound conversion. HE can work without means; or he can render mighty, the feeblest means, and the most humble instrumentality. As at the first, He moved upon the confused chaos, and forthwith appeared order, animation, and beauty, so now He can in any way he pleases, produce changes on the mind—on any mind—the most valuable and glorious. We are not to be too curious in inquiring, *how* changes are produced upon depraved hearts: it is enough, that they are produced—that they are produced by an almighty and free Spirit; and that they are produced in consequence of covenant arrangements entered into from everlasting, and ratified by the death of an infinite Saviour.

The change in the elder brother—and to him I particularly refer—was too obvious, to be either overlooked or mistaken. It showed itself, first in restlessness, and ill-concealed anxiety: then in an altered conduct towards his sister: then in his attention to her religious friends, and his readiness to help forward her

plans of usefulness. Martha saw and wondered, and often wept tears of joy; and prudently seizing an opportunity, affectionately invited him to make her his confidant, and to open all his mind to her. He was at first agitated: the big tear started from his eye, and rolled down his cheek; and he signified that all was darkness, alarm, and confusion within. He had often struggled with conscience; had often felt shocked at his dislike to prayer; had often experienced a momentary shame, and sometimes a loathing of himself, because of his ingratitude to his sister, and from that was led to think of his more marked and persevering ingratitude to God; had often been convinced that all was wrong with him, and wished to be like his happy, praying friends. But something came again—such was HIS language—and destroyed all these states of mind, and he became as hardened, and as rebellious, and as easy in his sins as ever.

It was during one of these seasons of moral stupidity, and while sitting *under* a solemn service, that impressions were made, so deep, so multitudinous, and so varied, that he scarcely knew where he was, or what he did. Not a sound fell upon his outward ear, but the thun-

der pealed and spread dismay within. He quailed—he trembled ! Night brought no sleep to him ; the morning no comfort ; the day no relief. In this state he continued, until his sister invited and encouraged him to reveal his sorrows.

She had passed through a similar state, and therefore knew what remedy was required, and where that remedy was to be found. She was enabled to make him understand the source of pardon—the author and means of acceptance before God—the fulness of divine mercy, and the freeness of divine grace. She pointed out the nature of prayer, namely, the simple desire of the heart, presented to God through Christ. She enumerated some of the most important subjects of prayer, and shewed him that one of the offices of the blessed Spirit, is to inspire, and help our prayers. She urged him, with all the energy and significancy of signs, and by all the solemnities of truth, to cast himself without reserve upon the Saviour ; and while seeking and cultivating a feeling of deep, and unfeigned repentance, not to doubt, either the power or willingness of a reconciled God, to forgive all his sins, and to turn away all the consequences which he dreaded therefrom.

These affecting interviews were often repeated, during which, Martha observed in her brother, the deepest compunction—the most genuine humility, and a ready submission of himself to the terms of salvation proposed in the gospel. He was now to her, and to others, an interesting object indeed. He was seldom out of her thoughts, and often did she present him and his case, before the throne, in prayer. The change was soon, and extensively known, and wondered at. Believers rejoiced; while

‘ The wide world esteemed it strange,
Gazed and admired,’——

but hated and ridiculed that, which had come to pass. In some instances, however, conviction and inquiry were induced. In none was the effect more visible, than in the deaf and dumb brother, and sister, who at the time of my visit, were continuing to furnish pleasing signs of a change as real, though perhaps not so marked and striking.

As the “ valley of Achor ” was the “ door of hope ; ” as the dreariness and terrors of the wilderness led to the promised land ; and as Sinai’s frowning brow and fiery tokens, prepare for Zion’s smile of mercy, so did W——’s recently awakened anguish bend him down in

ready submission to the Saviour, and make him a willing, yea, a delighted recipient of the benefits of redemption. The bondage of fear was not, in his case very protracted, and to it succeeded the liberty and joy of an adopted child. The angry frown of wrath had relaxed into a smile ; the pardoned sinner smiled therefore, and looking up from the dust, in which he had for some time mourning sat, was entranced to see the dismal cloud which had erst hung over him, blotted out, and the throne which so lately threatened devouring wrath, now shining in matchless love.

As is ever the case with those to whom God hath shewed mercy, W—— now desired to be united with the people of God. The society to which his sister belonged, and of which she was such a distinguished ornament, was of course the society of his choice. According to the regulations of that society, every candidate for membership must stand proposed for a certain time ; give a simple statement of his experience, views of truth, and reasons for desiring communion, and then submit to the ordinance of immersion. On this solemn occasion, Martha stood by the side of her speechless brother, and interpreted to the church his affecting narra-

tive. I of course was not present, but was informed that the scene was irresistibly touching.

On being requested to state such particulars as might enable the church to judge of the nature of the change that had passed upon him, and the sincerity of his character, the candidate arose, and looked tenderly at his sister, who was to be both a tongue and ears to him that day. Perceiving her strong emotions, he became pale and agitated, and wiping away the falling tear, looked again, and signified, as was supposed, that she *must* be calm. Recovering herself a little, she communicated to him some kind and affectionate remarks made by the minister in his own name, and in that of his friends around him; and then proceeded to convey questions, and interpret the answers. It was when referring to his anguish of mind, before his sister invited him to make known his state to her—an anguish increased by his utter inability to hear, or read, or speak—and when expressing how much he owed to his sister, that so powerful a sensation was produced, that so deep a sympathy was excited. In this case, the eye affected the heart, and not a person who beheld the interesting subject of these sad

infirmities, and who heard his mournful allusion to them, could refrain his voice from weeping.

After his statement had been received, he was baptised, and admitted to full communion; after which he sat down to that table, whose rich provisions have refreshed thousands of the saints, and of the household of God. Since that day he has walked as becometh the gospel of Christ: manifesting such meekness and humility of heart, such fervour and elevation of affections, such devout attachment to the place where God's name is recorded, and where his people meet; such readiness to serve the cause of Christ, and such kindness to all, but especially to his fellow-worshippers, as are rarely met with. May grace, mercy, and truth be multiplied unto him and his.

I spent but one evening more at the cottage; and how it was spent, the reader will be at no loss to imagine. With the aged widow I held a long and animated conversation, chiefly on all that God had wrought for her and her children. On being joined by Martha and some friends, the conversation became more general, until the devotions of the family altar collected and fixed our thoughts on the highest of all con-

cerns and duties. The eccentric old lady described in a former chapter, joined our evening party, and again claimed the privilege, as she called it, of my company at breakfast. It will readily be believed, that the claim was granted. Soon after breakfast I took my leave of that 'remarkable family,' with the exception of him who occupies so prominent a place in this narrative; and he, as was his fashion, accompanied me a good way on the road, and at parting, with an expression of countenance, and a significance of manners I shall never forget, LOOKED AN ADIEU.

After this I travelled by the mail, and in order that I might enjoy a more perfect view of the varied landscape near and remote, on the outside. My thoughts naturally reverted to the scenes which I had so lately visited, and which had become so dear to me. As we passed along, I saw in the dim distance a range of mountains, whose towering peaks mingled with, and were lost in the blue air. I knew them to be the C—— mountains, and almost fancied I could recognize the bold projection, beneath which the vale of U—— lay. It was but fancy however; nevertheless, it served to call up pleasing remembrances; yea, it did

more than this ; for while I watched the imagined spot as it receded, and was lost, I looked up to regions where no cloud hovers, where no distance separates, where no infirmities afflict, but where, without a defect, a sorrow, or a sin, the whole church shall assemble before the throne, to be divided and scattered no more. There, I knew the ear of the deaf shall be unstopped, and listen, for ever delighted, to celestial harmony ; and the tongue of the dumb loosed, and for ever speak with rapture on mightiest themes.

I looked again in the direction where rose the mountain, and where spread the valley, and I saw nothing but the thin and azure mistiness, which shrouded the scene. Years have passed since then : since then my friends, as well as myself, have doubtless seen and experienced many changes, and who can tell ?—some there may have been summoned to that world, whence no traveller returns. Well, I will look up, and anticipate, through the true pascal blood, a joyous meeting with the family of—

THE COTTAGE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

THE END.

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